

GOLD



KEY

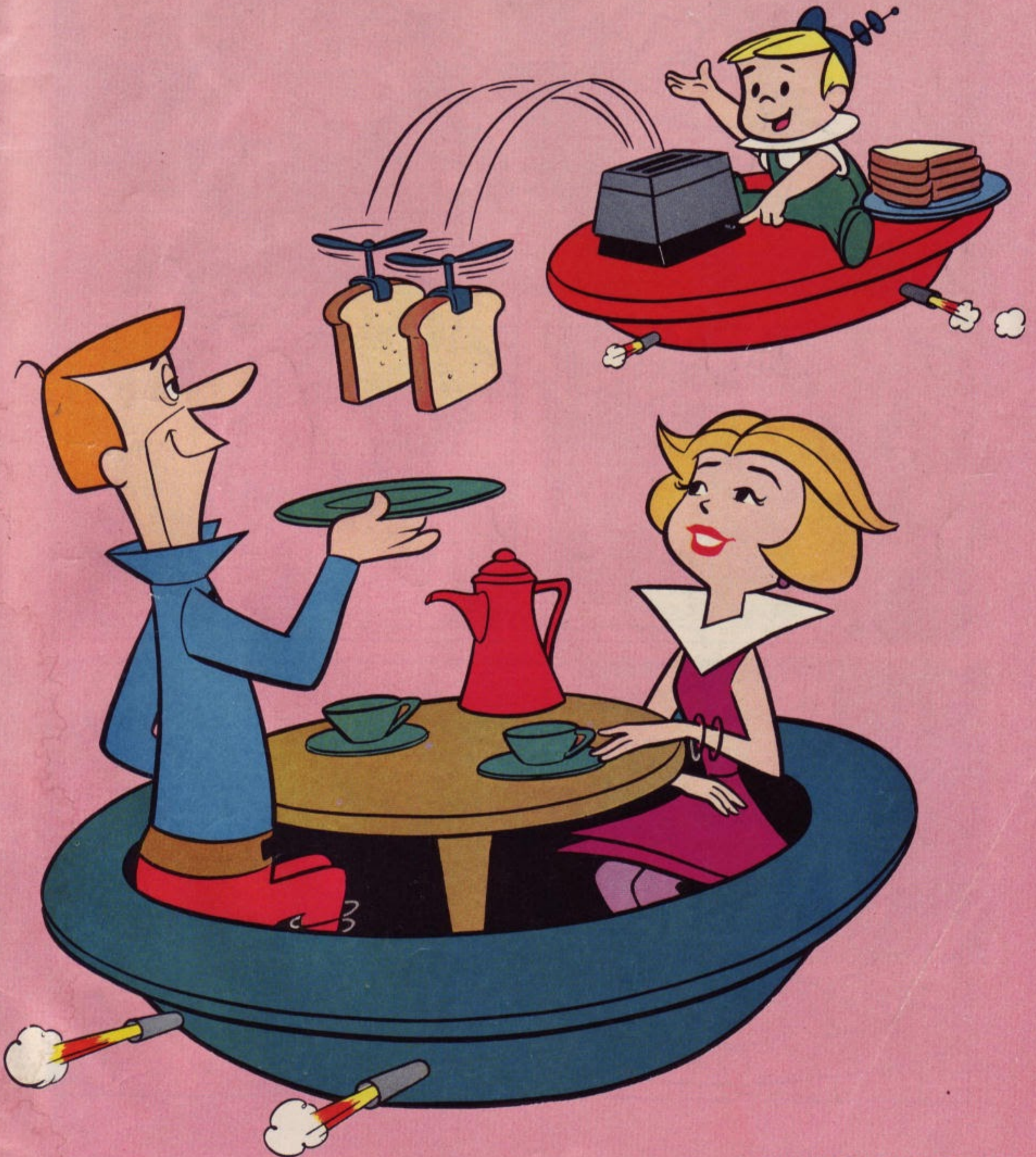
THE JETSONS

STILL ONLY 12c

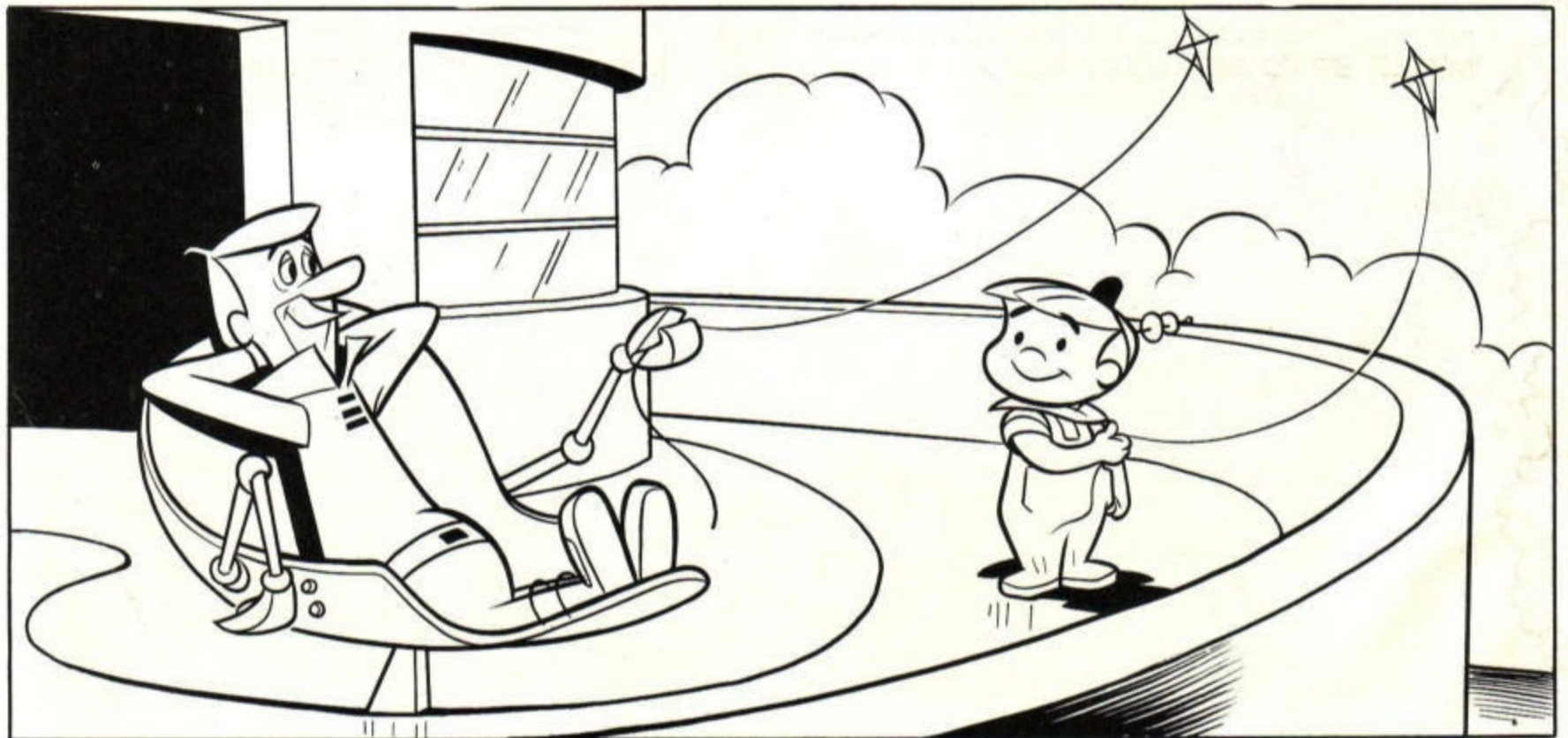
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The JETSONS

10041-407
JULY



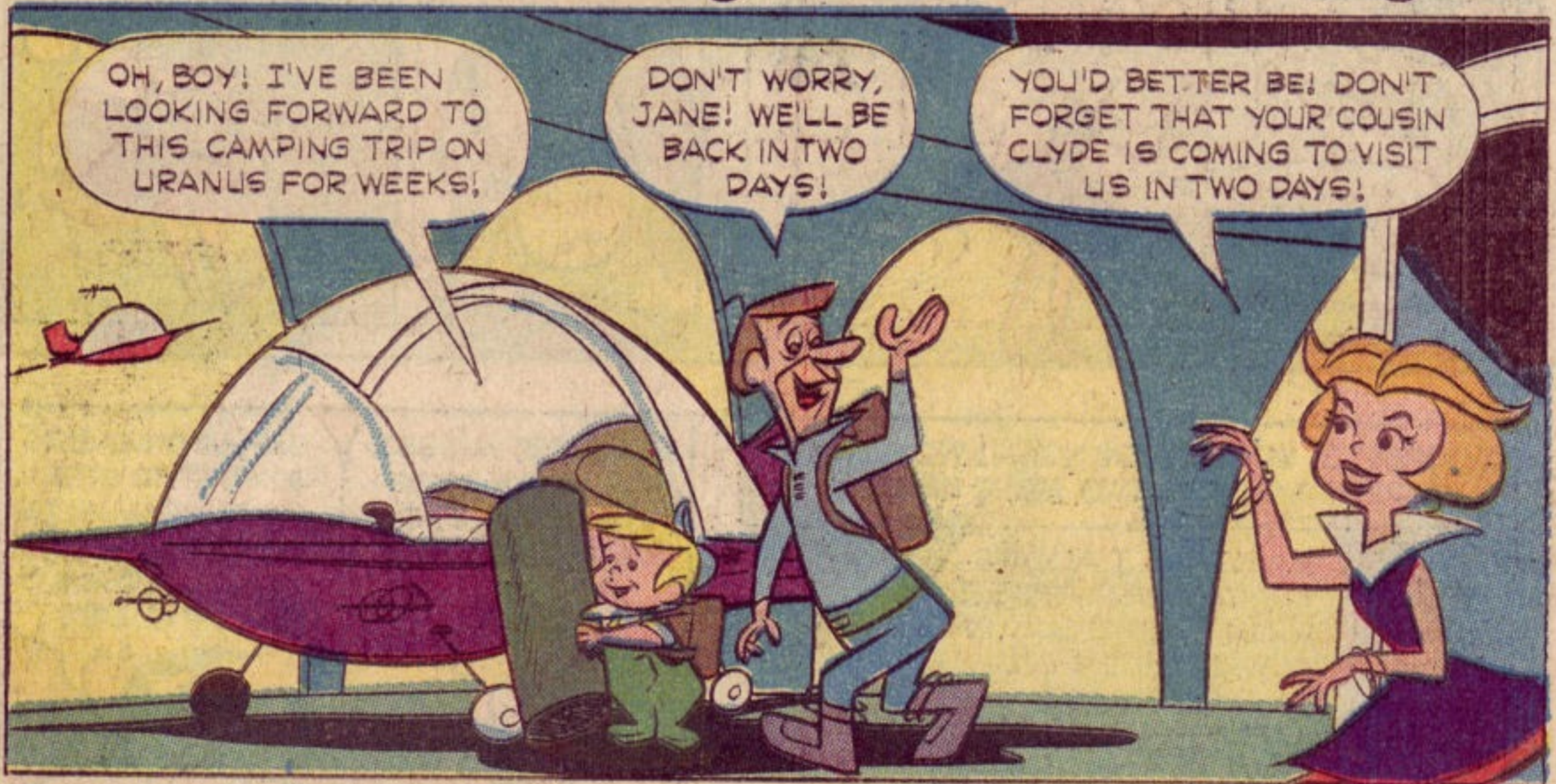
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The JETSONS



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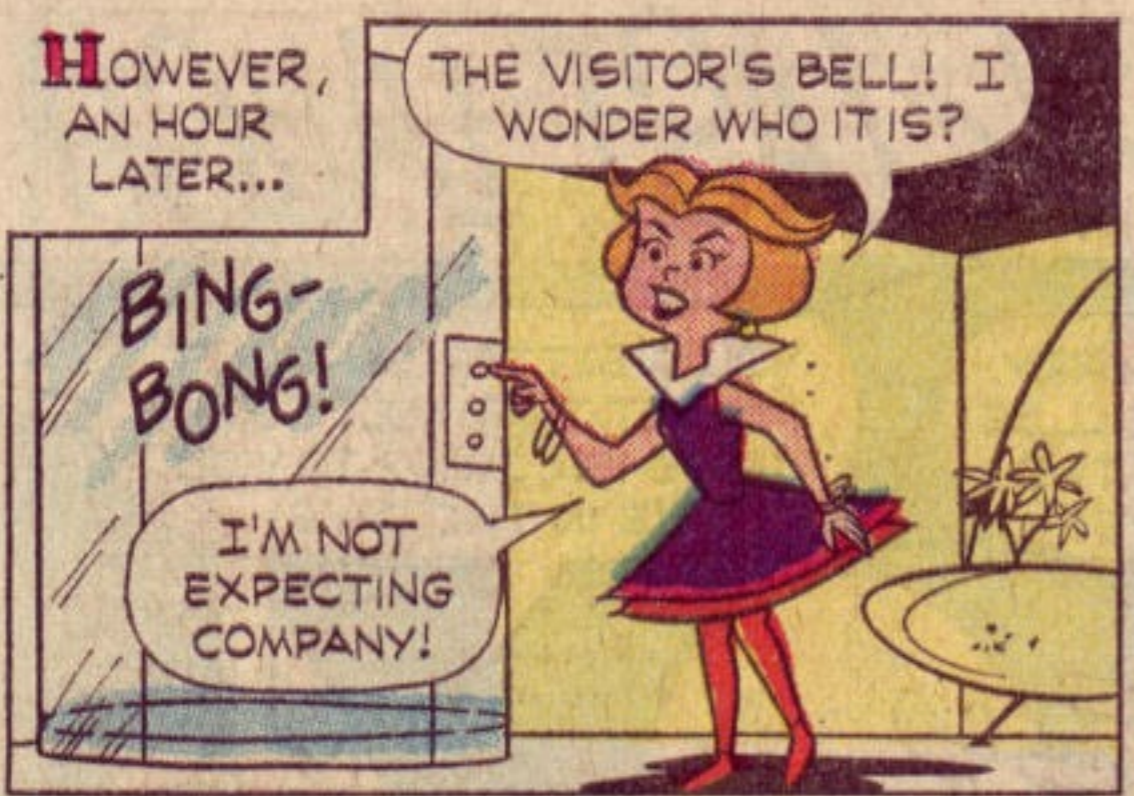
The JETSONS

GETTING THE LAST LAUGH



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HOWEVER, AN HOUR LATER...

BING-BONG!

THE VISITOR'S BELL! I WONDER WHO IT IS?

I'M NOT EXPECTING COMPANY!



GRRAAWL!

EEEK!

SWOOP!



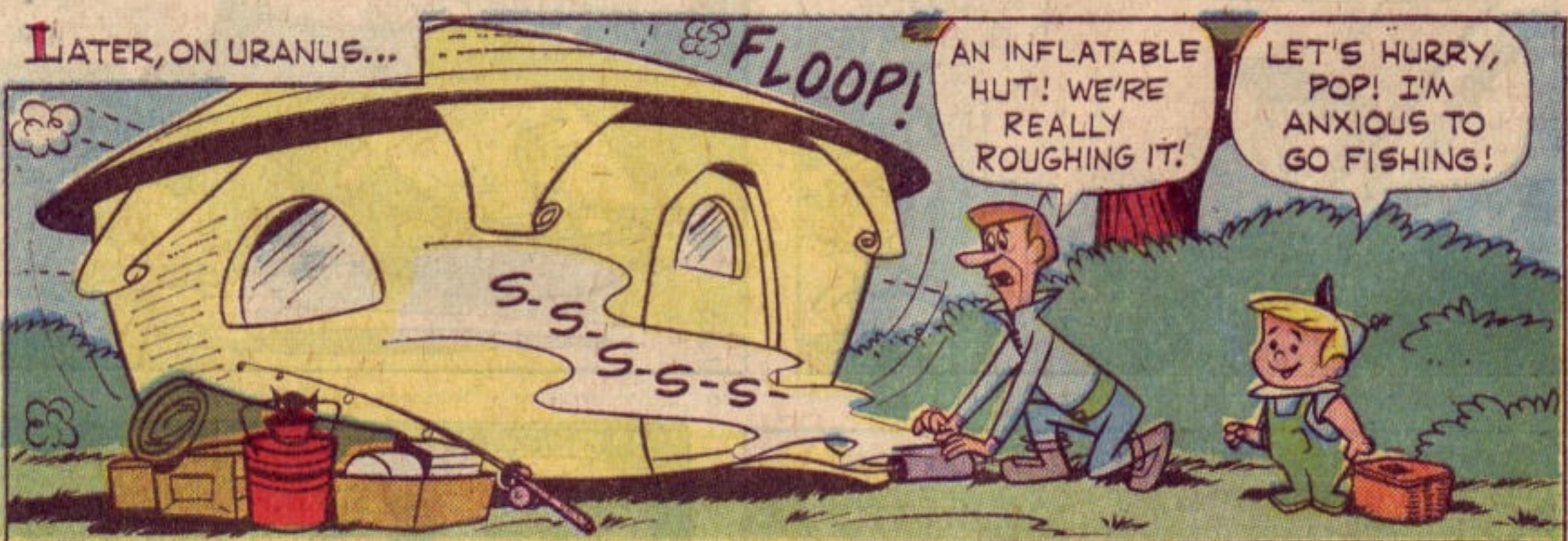
CLYDE! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU FOR TWO MORE DAYS!

HAR! HAR! I ALWAYS TRY TO CATCH PEOPLE WHEN THEIR GUARD IS DOWN! WHERE'S COUSIN GEORGE?



YOU JUST MISSED HIM! HE TOOK ELROY ON A TWO-DAY CAMPING TRIP ON URANUS!

SAY, HE'D NEVER EXPECT TO SEE ME ON URANUS! I'M GOING UP THERE AND CATCH HIM OFF GUARD!

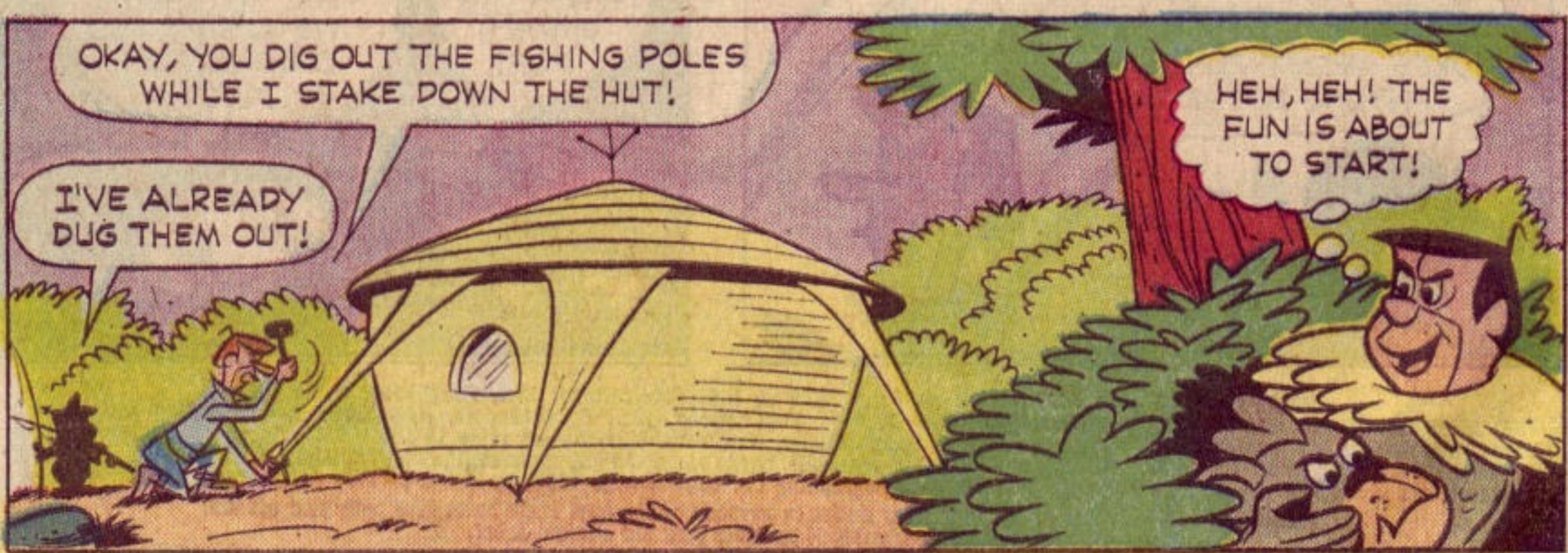


LATER, ON URANUS...

FLOOP!

AN INFLATABLE HUT! WE'RE REALLY ROUGHING IT!

LET'S HURRY, POP! I'M ANXIOUS TO GO FISHING!



OKAY, YOU DIG OUT THE FISHING POLES WHILE I STAKE DOWN THE HUT!

I'VE ALREADY DUG THEM OUT!

HEH, HEH! THE FUN IS ABOUT TO START!



SIZZLING SOLAR SUNS,
WE PICKED A GREAT PLACE
TO CAMP! RIGHT NEXT
TO THE RIVER!

BEFORE I ANNOUNCE MYSELF, I'M
GOING TO BORROW SOME THINGS FROM
THEIR CAMP! IN FACT, I MAY BORROW
THEIR **ENTIRE** CAMP!



THIS IS THE LIFE... NICE AND PEACEFUL!

I JUST HOPE I CATCH
A NICE, BIG FISH!



I'LL BE HAPPY
IF I CATCH
ANYTHING!
HEH, HEH!

YOU'LL CATCH SOME-
THING, ALL RIGHT! I'LL
MAKE SURE OF THAT!



YIKES! I'VE GOT
A BITE! BUT I DON'T
THINK IT'S A FISH!
IT MUST BE A
SUBMARINE!

I'VE GOT ONE, TOO!
KEEP FIGHTING!
DON'T LET IT
GET AWAY!



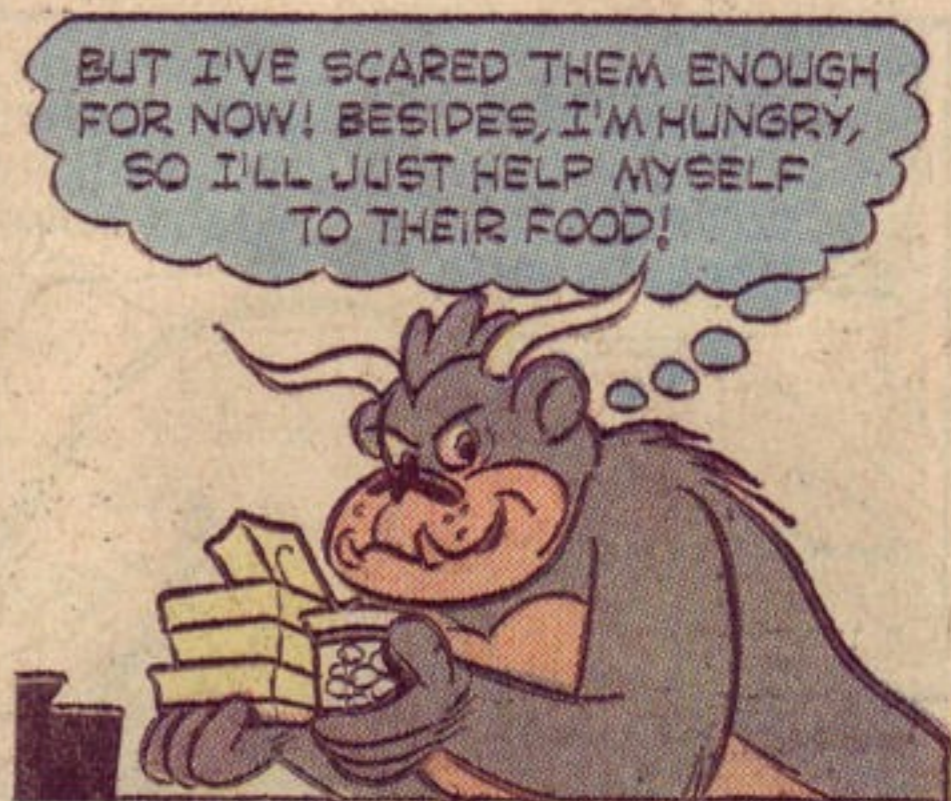
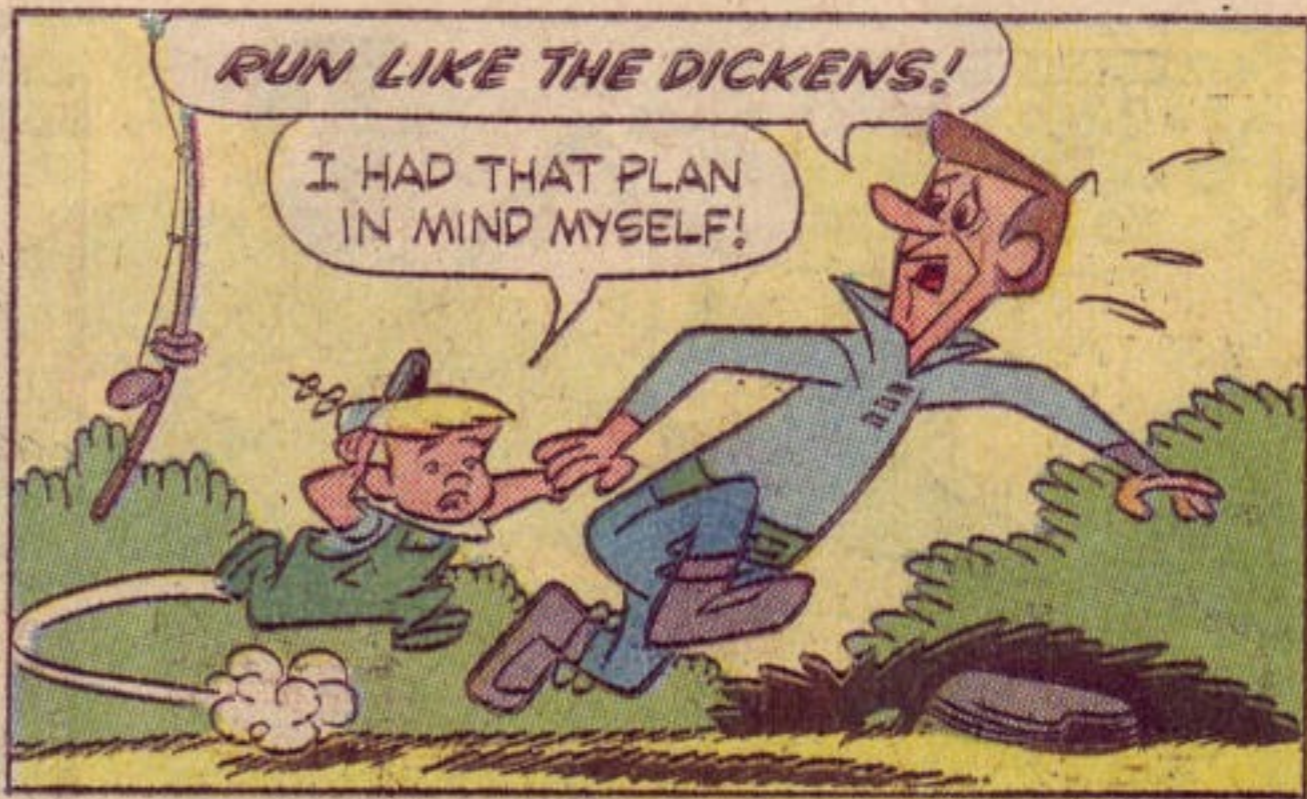
(LULP!) SUDDENLY I WISH
IT **HAD** GOTTEN AWAY!

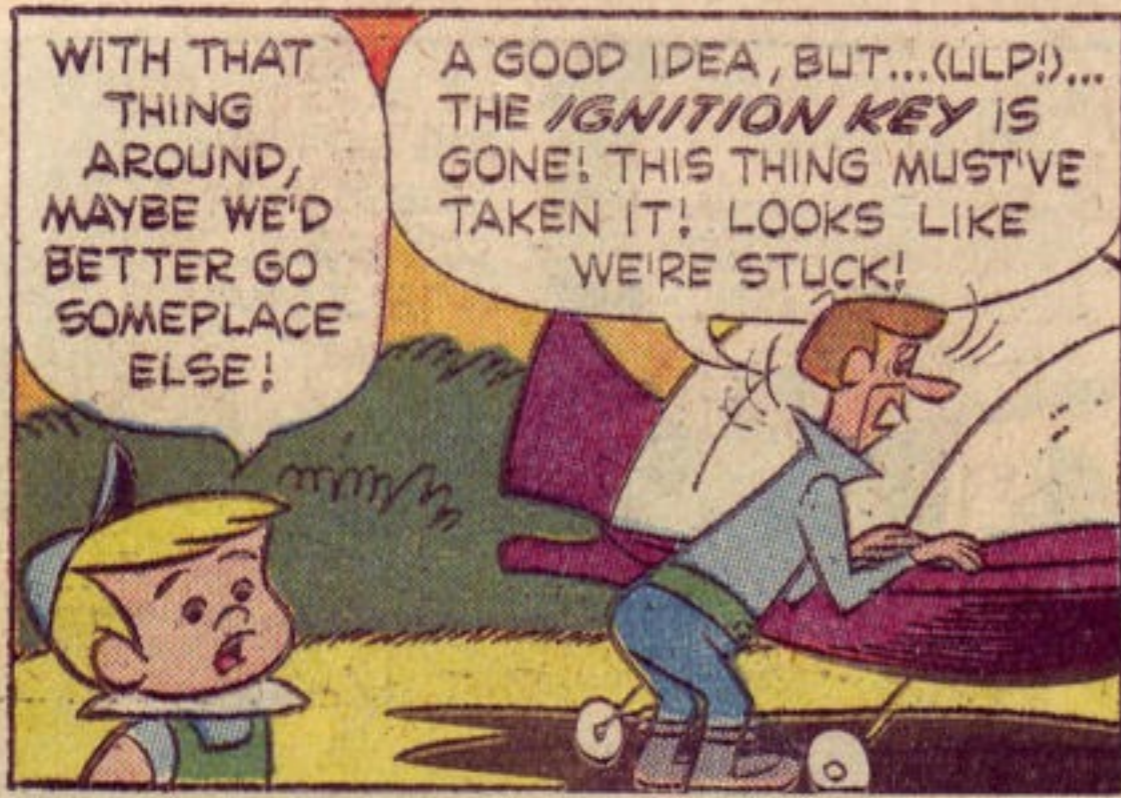
WH-WHY DON'T
WE THROW IT
B-BACK, POP? IT'S
TOO SMALL!



DON'T S-SHOW SIGNS OF FEAR!
IF IT THINKS WE'RE NOT AFRAID,
IT MAY GO AWAY!

FIRST, WE
CATCH IT,
AND NOW
IT'S TRYING
TO CATCH
US!





WITH THAT THING AROUND, MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO SOMEPLACE ELSE!

A GOOD IDEA, BUT... (UHP!)... THE *IGNITION KEY* IS GONE! THIS THING MUST'VE TAKEN IT! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK!



WE WON'T BE SAFE UNTIL WE FIND OUR HUT! HMM! LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DRAGGED INTO THE WOODS!

YEAH! IT WENT THAT-A-WAY!



WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO TRY AND FIND OUR HUT!

I HOPE WE FIND OUR HUT BEFORE THAT THING FINDS US!



THERE IT IS! LET'S GET INSIDE BEFORE OUR FUZZY-FURRED FRIEND FINDS US!

I JUST HAD A THOUGHT, POP...



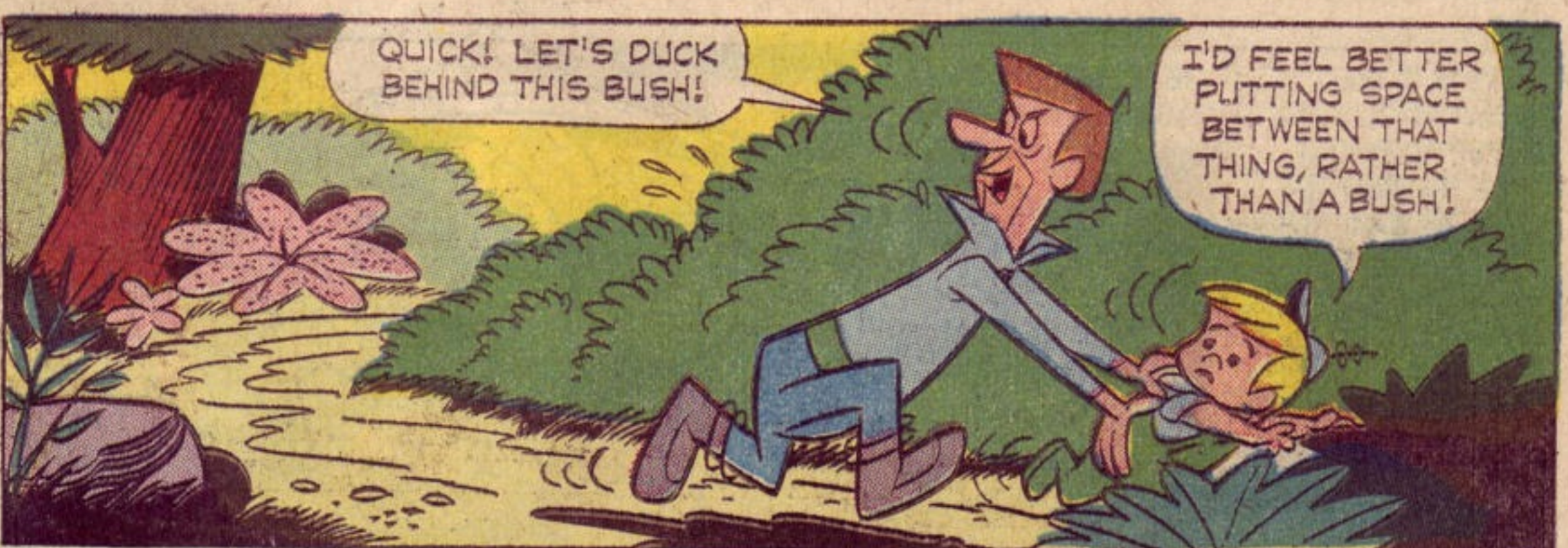
YIKES! I WAS RIGHT! WE'VE GOT A NEW ROOMMATE!

GRRRR!



I THINK WE'D BETTER RUN FOR THE LOW RENT DISTRICT!

WAIT A MINUTE! SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT, HERE!



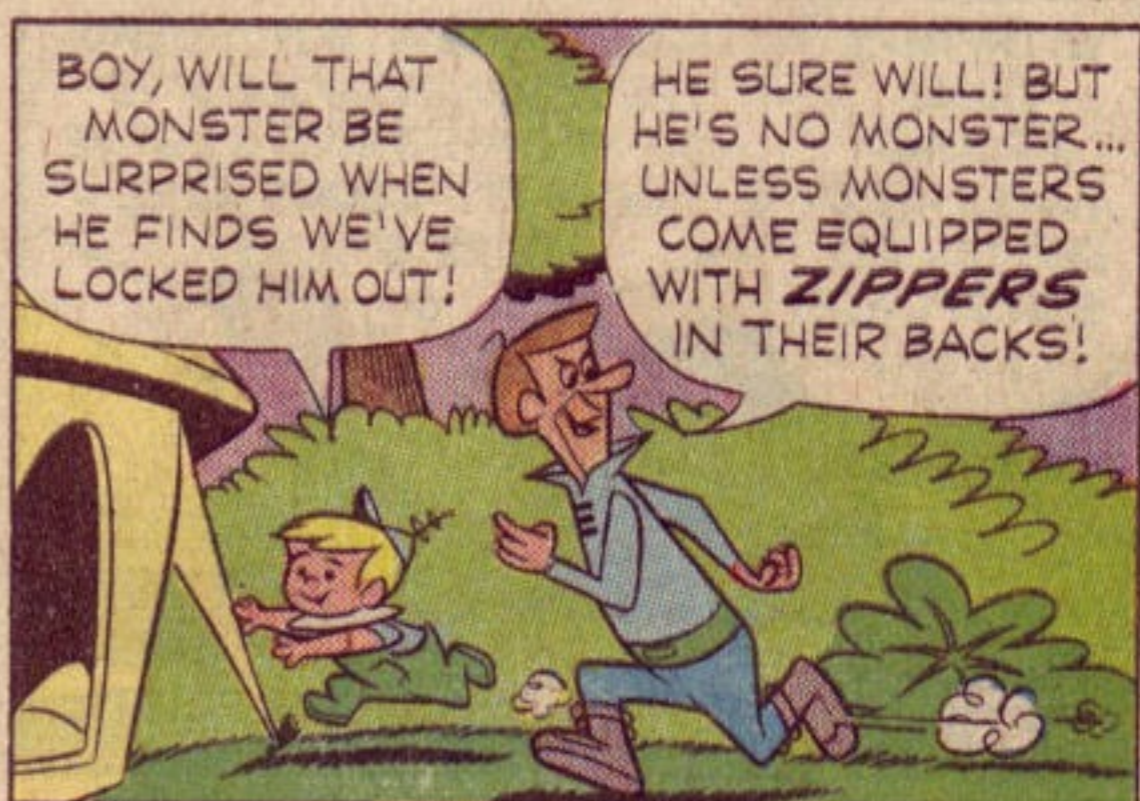
QUICK! LET'S DUCK BEHIND THIS BUSH!

I'D FEEL BETTER PLITTING SPACE BETWEEN THAT THING, RATHER THAN A BUSH!



AHA!
JUST AS
I THOUGHT!

NOW'S OUR
CHANCE TO
GET BACK
TO OUR
HUT!



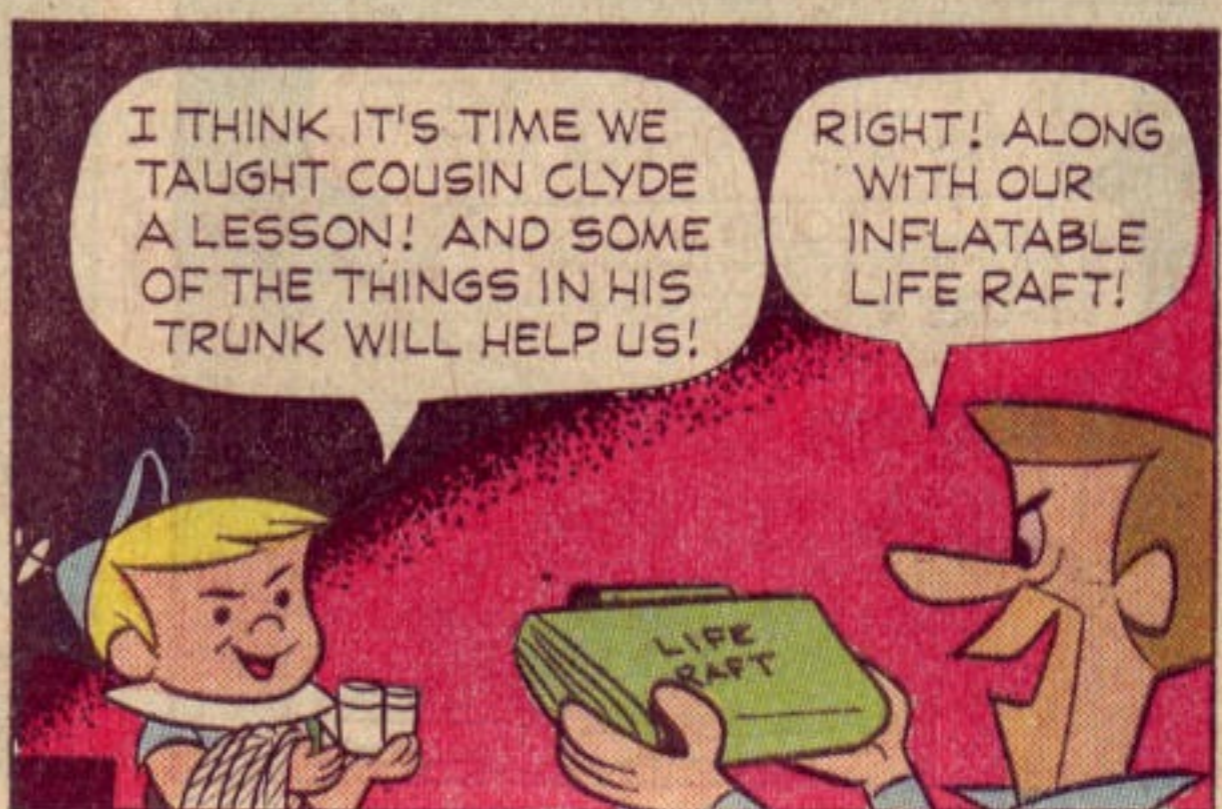
BOY, WILL THAT
MONSTER BE
SURPRISED WHEN
HE FINDS WE'VE
LOCKED HIM OUT!

HE SURE WILL! BUT
HE'S NO MONSTER...
UNLESS MONSTERS
COME EQUIPPED
WITH **ZIPPERS**
IN THEIR BACKS!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THIS IS COUSIN
CLYDE'S TRUNK OF
PRACTICAL JOKES!

HERE'S
THE KEY
TO OUR
JETCAR!



I THINK IT'S TIME WE
TAUGHT COUSIN CLYDE
A LESSON! AND SOME
OF THE THINGS IN HIS
TRUNK WILL HELP US!

RIGHT! ALONG
WITH OUR
INFLATABLE
LIFE RAFT!



AND SO...

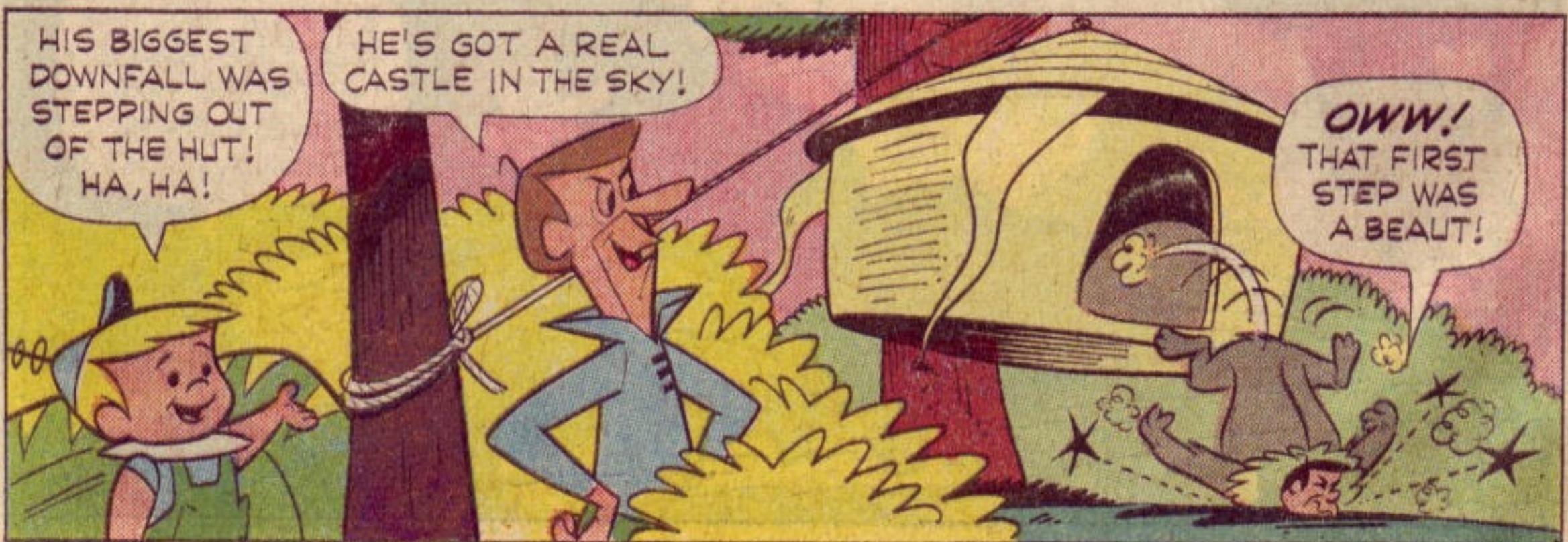
I LOST THEIR TRAIL,
BUT I'LL FIND THEM
AGAIN LATER!

PSSST!
GET READY,
ELROY! YOU
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!



CLYDE'S PRACTICAL
JOKES ARE GOING
TO BE HIS DOWNFALL!

HEY! THE HUT
IS MOVING!
WHAT'S
GOING ON?



HIS BIGGEST
DOWNFALL WAS
STEPPING OUT
OF THE HUT!
HA, HA!

HE'S GOT A REAL
CASTLE IN THE SKY!

OWW!
THAT FIRST
STEP WAS
A BEAUT!



NOW WE GO INTO OUR ACT!

GRRRR!

YIKES! A MONSTER! THAT BRUTE MUST HAVE SABOTAGED MY HUT!



GROWL! SNARL!

(GULP!) IT'S TIME I STARTED GOING UP IN THE WORLD!



CR-RACK!

YEOW! I'M OUT ON A LIMB, BUT THE LIMB ISN'T OUT ON THE TREE!



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, AND ONTO THE CATERPILLAR!

BONK!



EEEK! IT'S GOT ME! IT'S GOT ME!

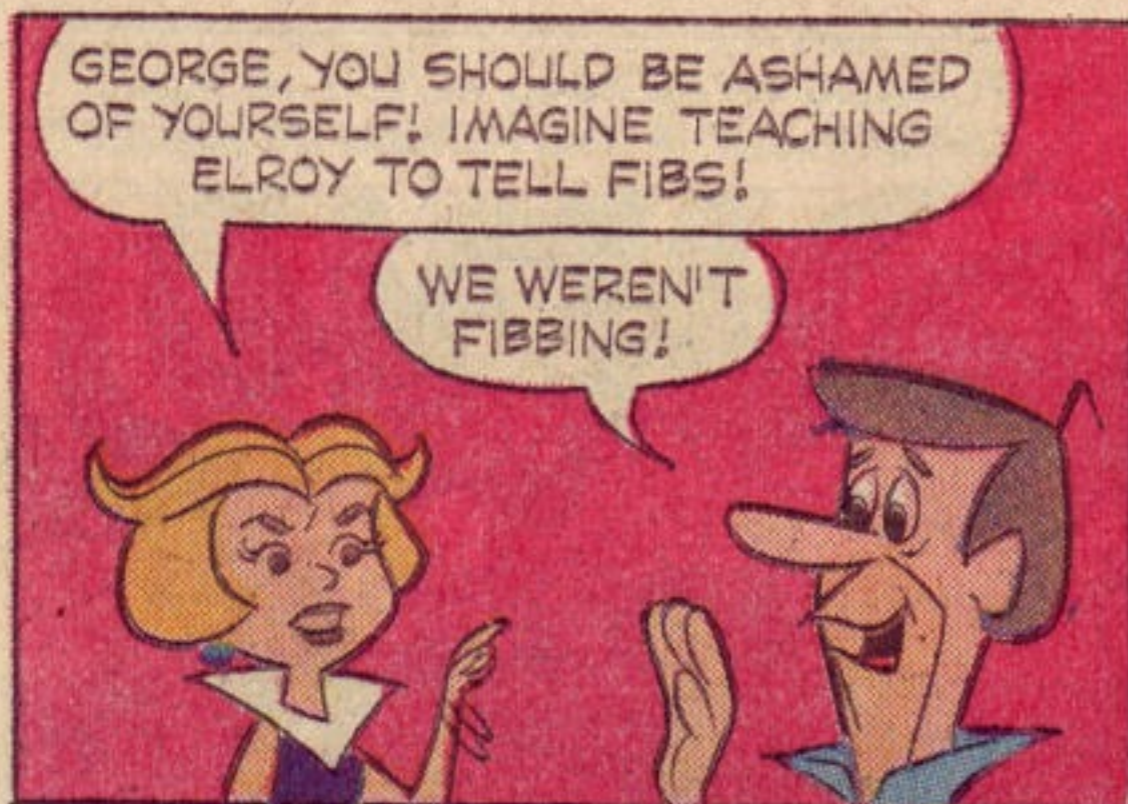
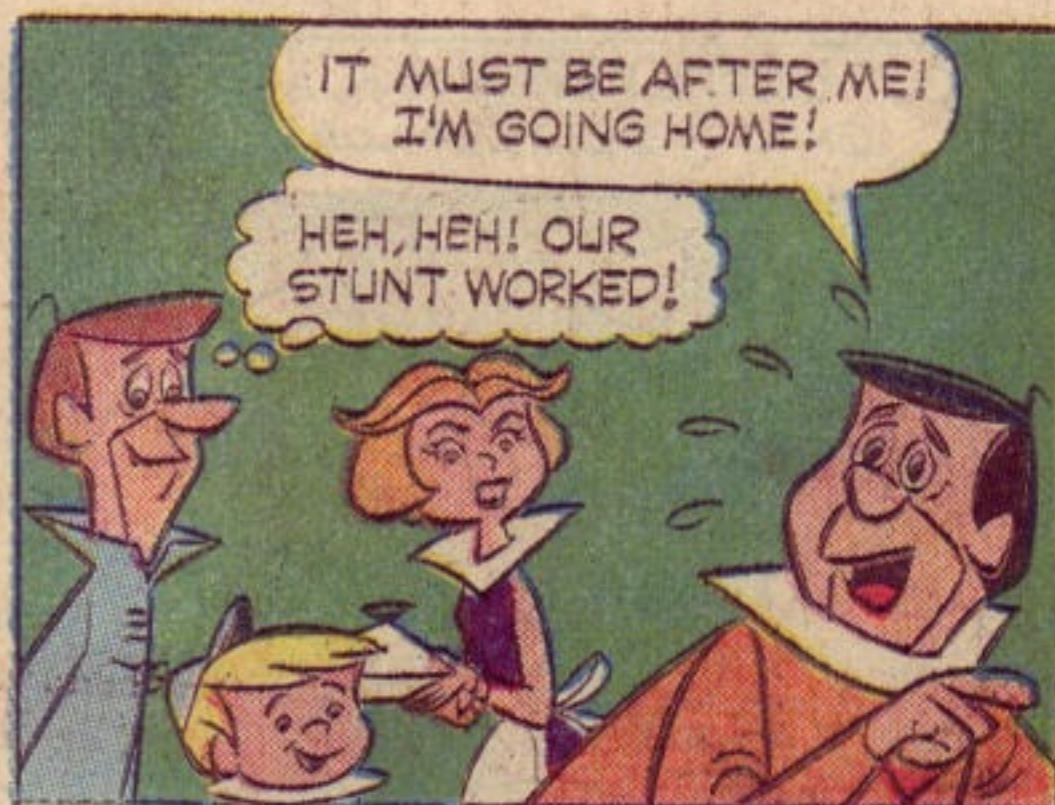
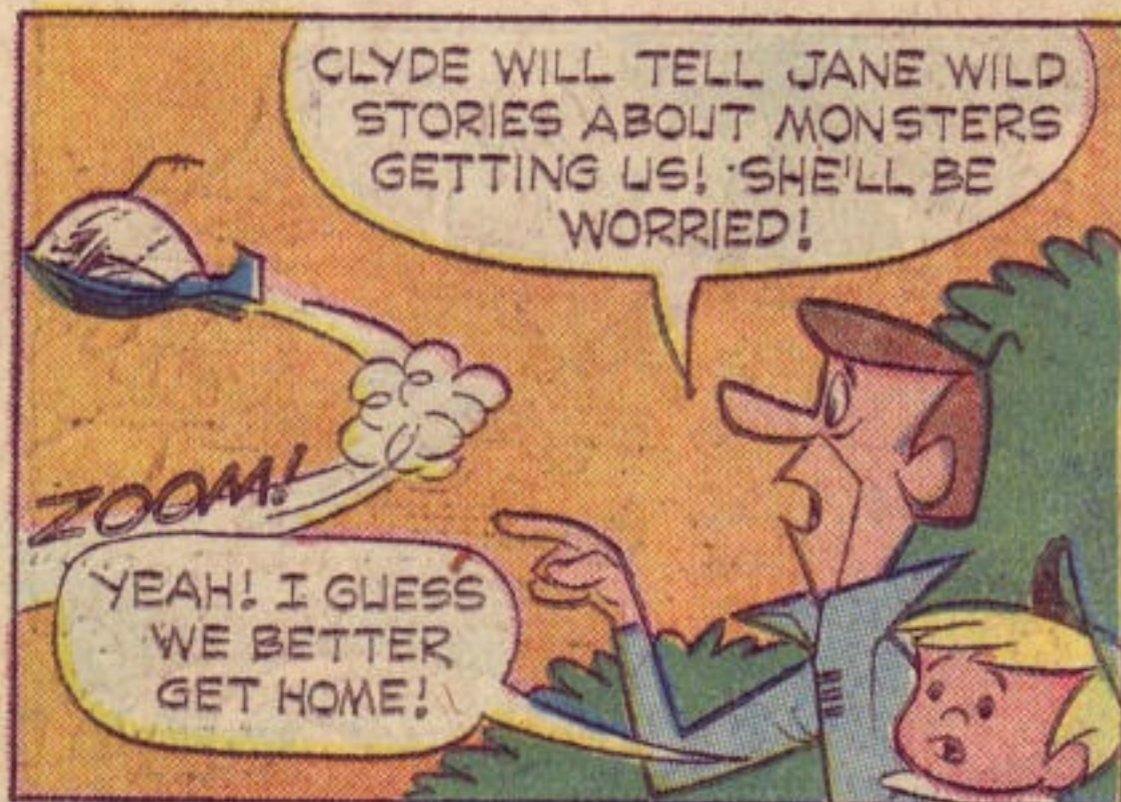
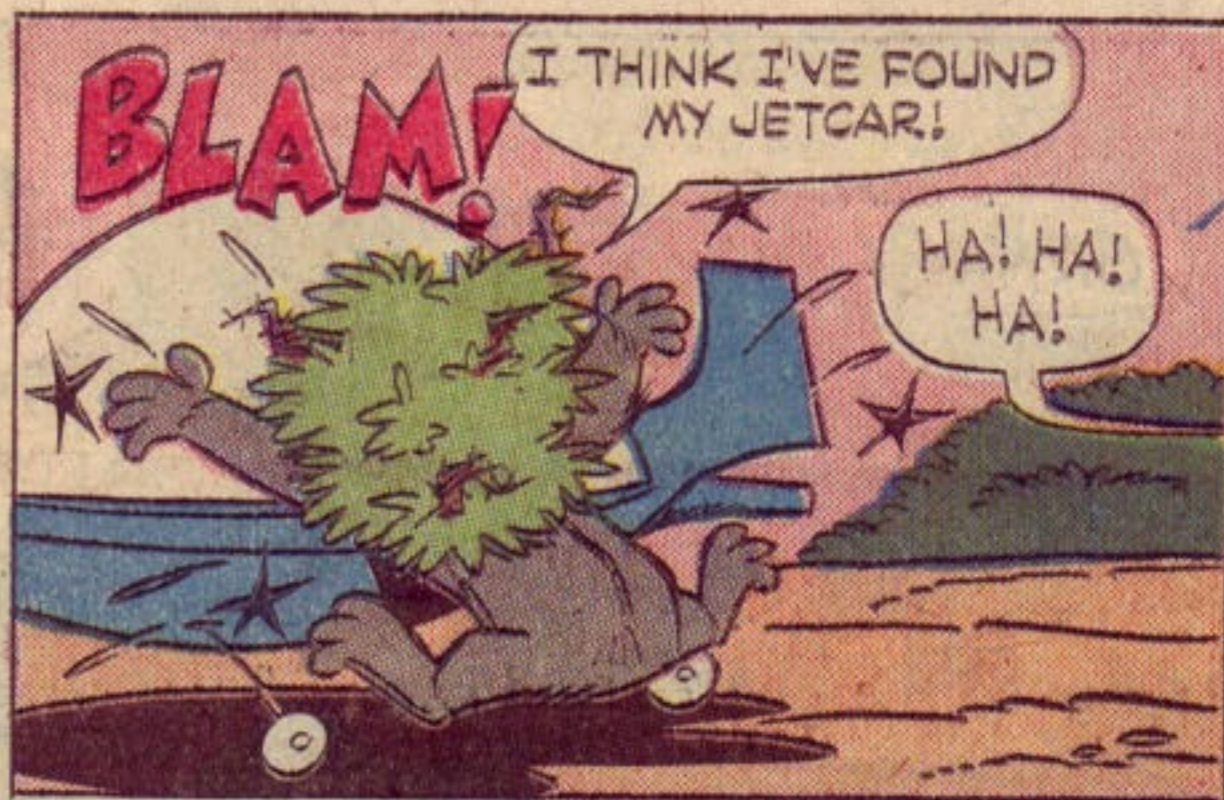
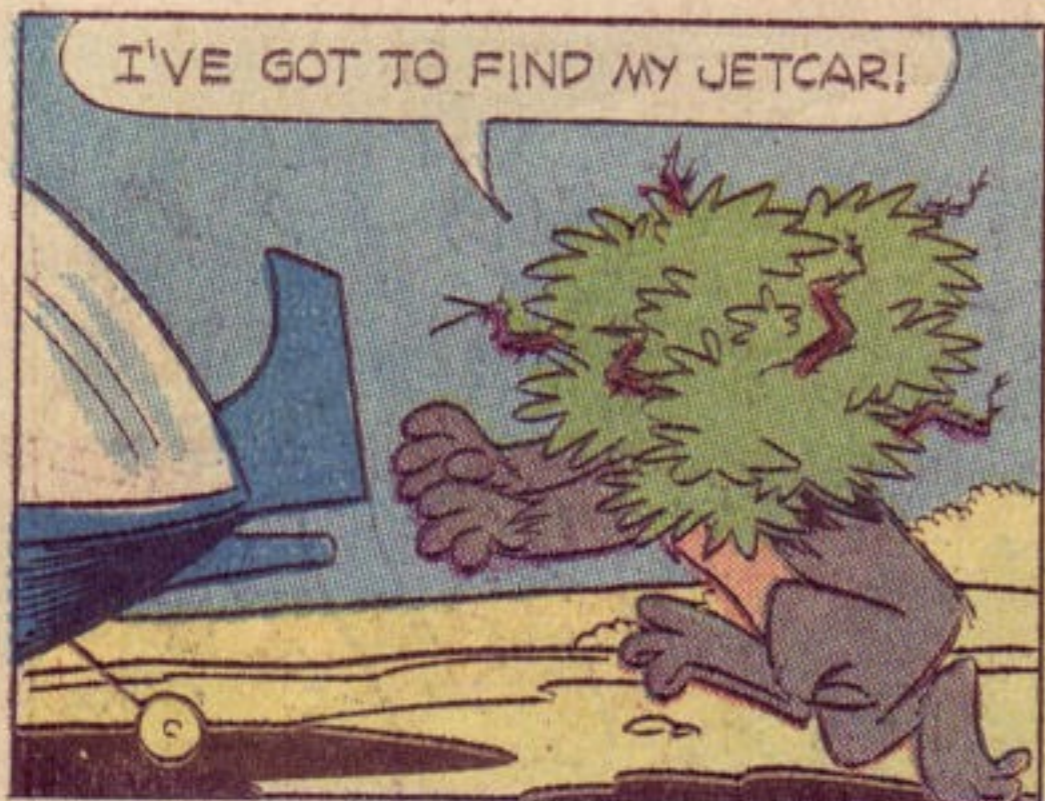
HEH, HEH! HE ONLY LANDED ON A THORN BUSH!



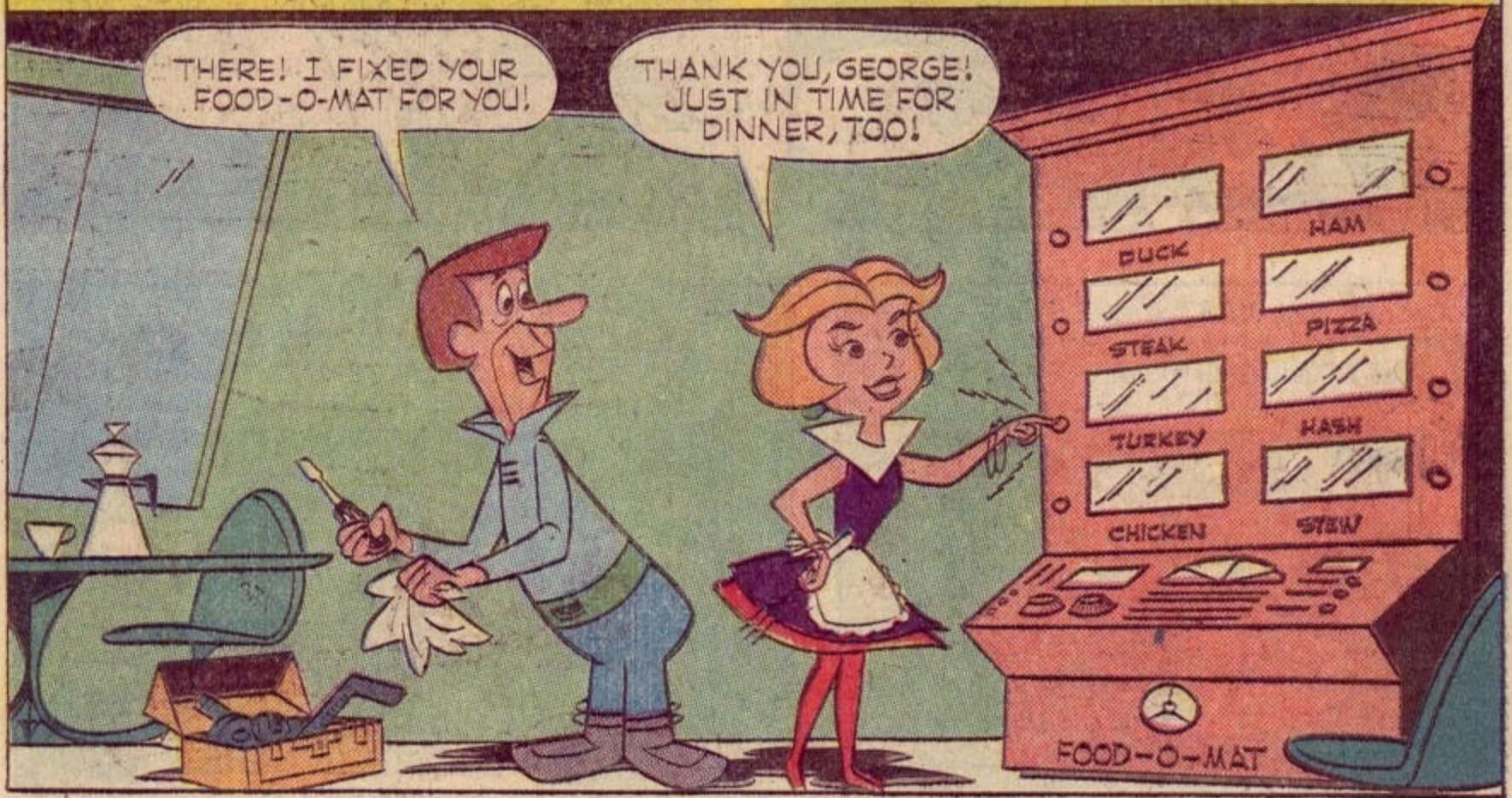
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! WOMEN, CHILDREN AND COWARDS FIRST!

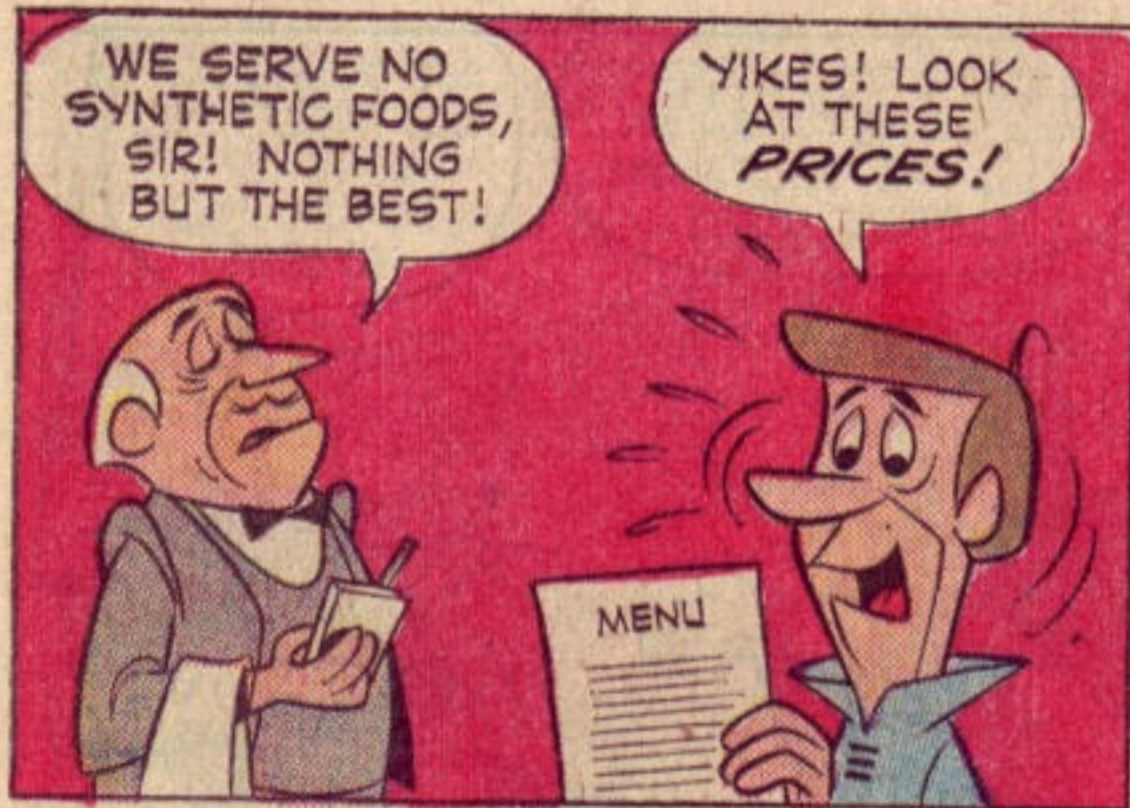
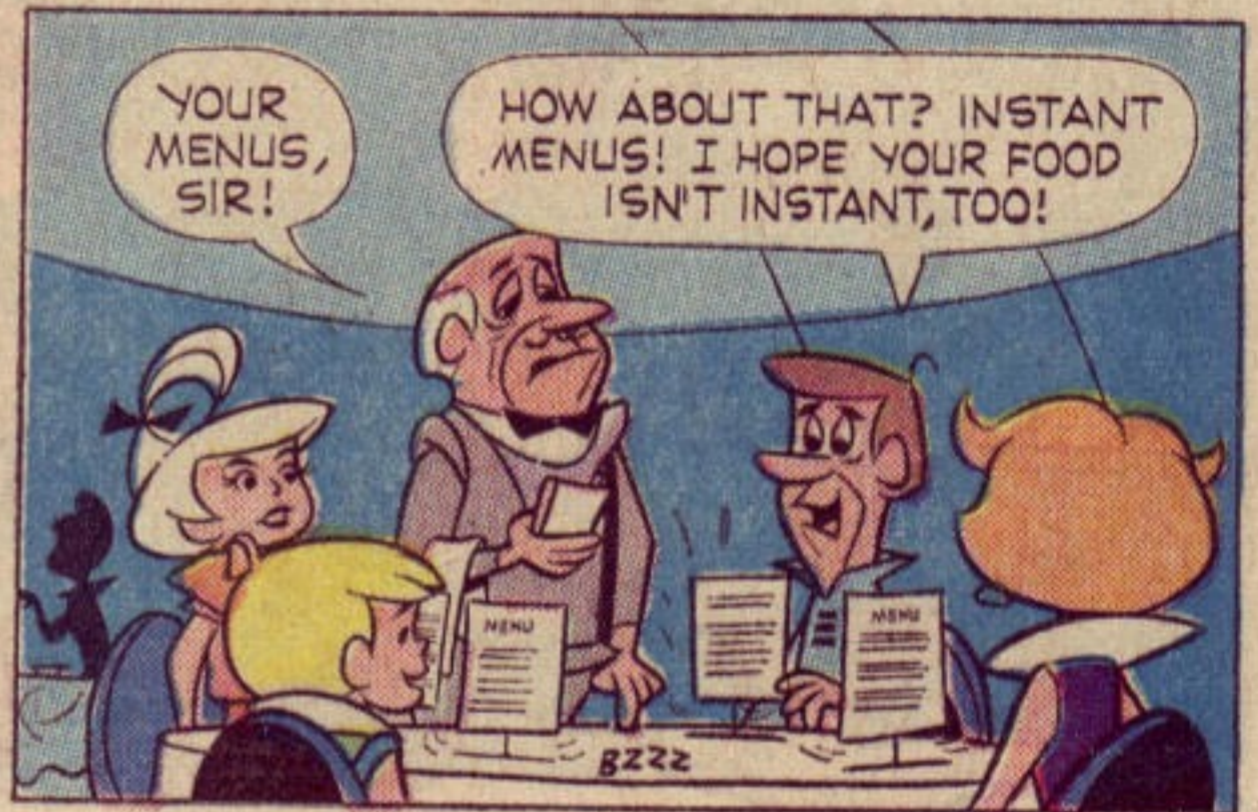
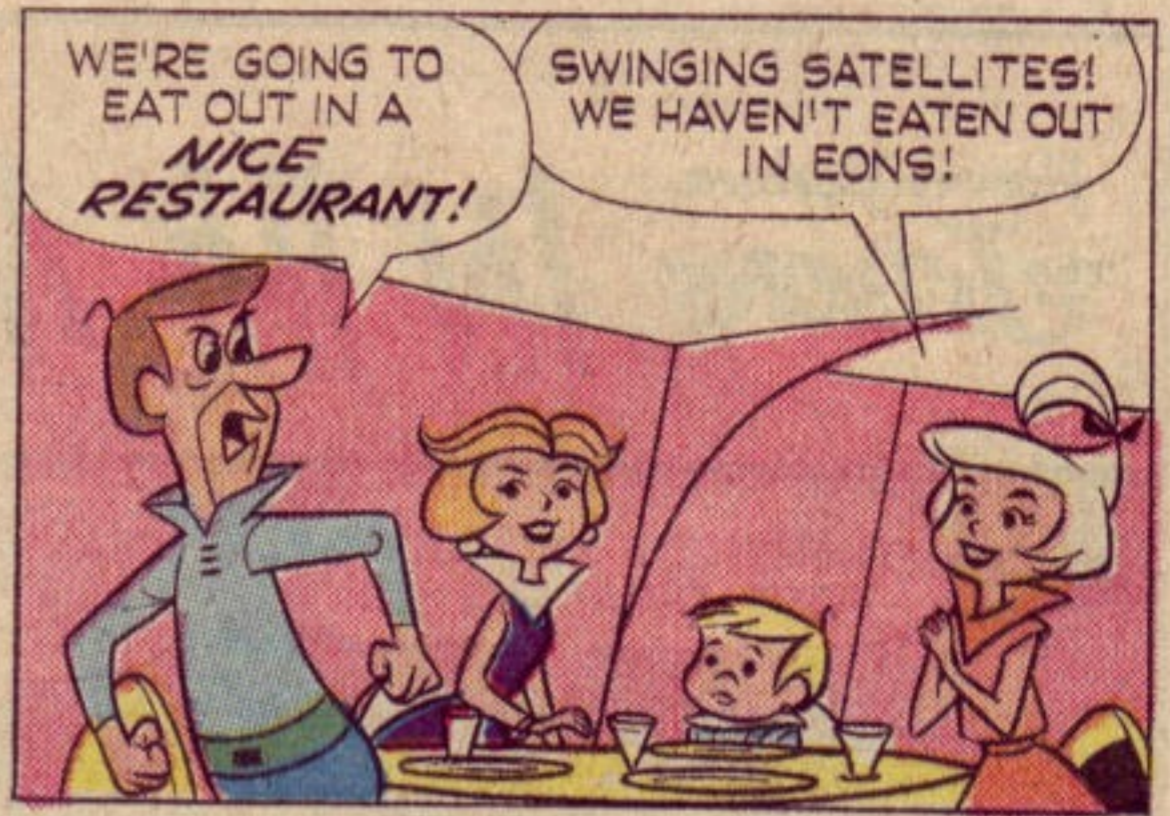
BY THE TIME HE'S FINISHED RUNNING, HE'LL REALLY BE BUSHED! HA, HA!

PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES IS FUN, ESPECIALLY IF THE PERSON DESERVES IT!

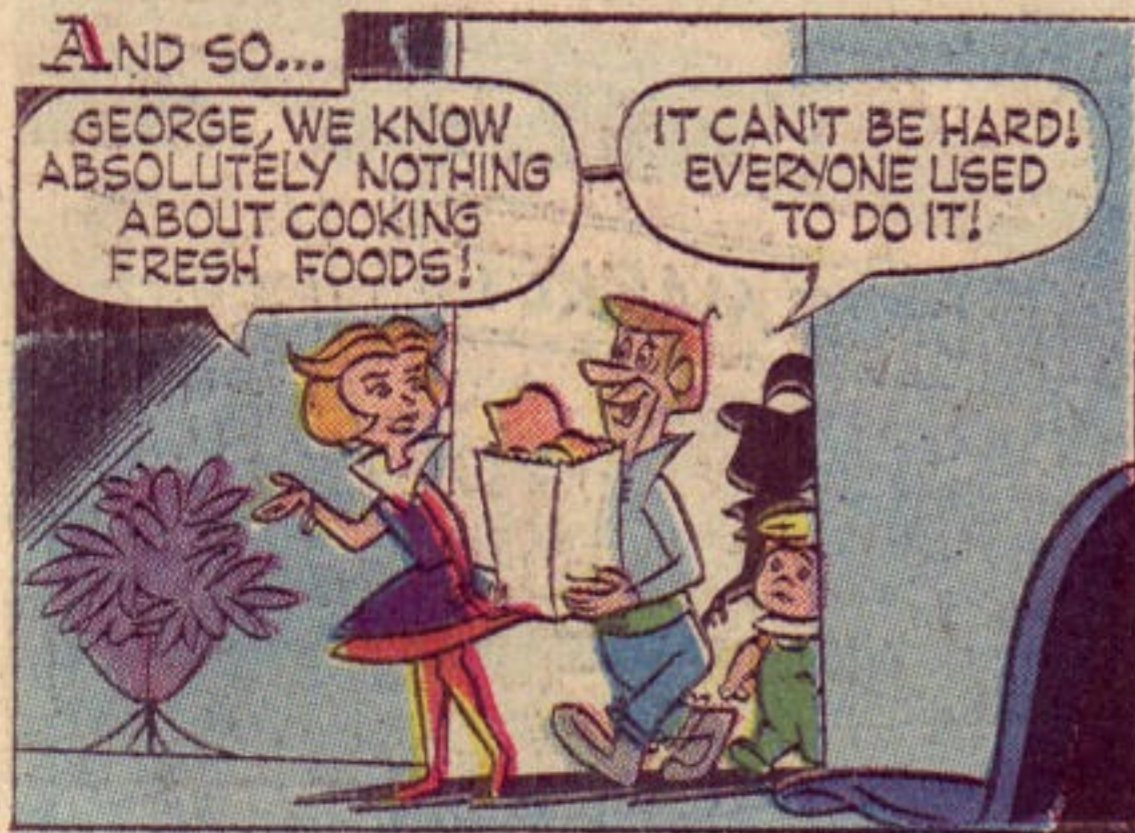
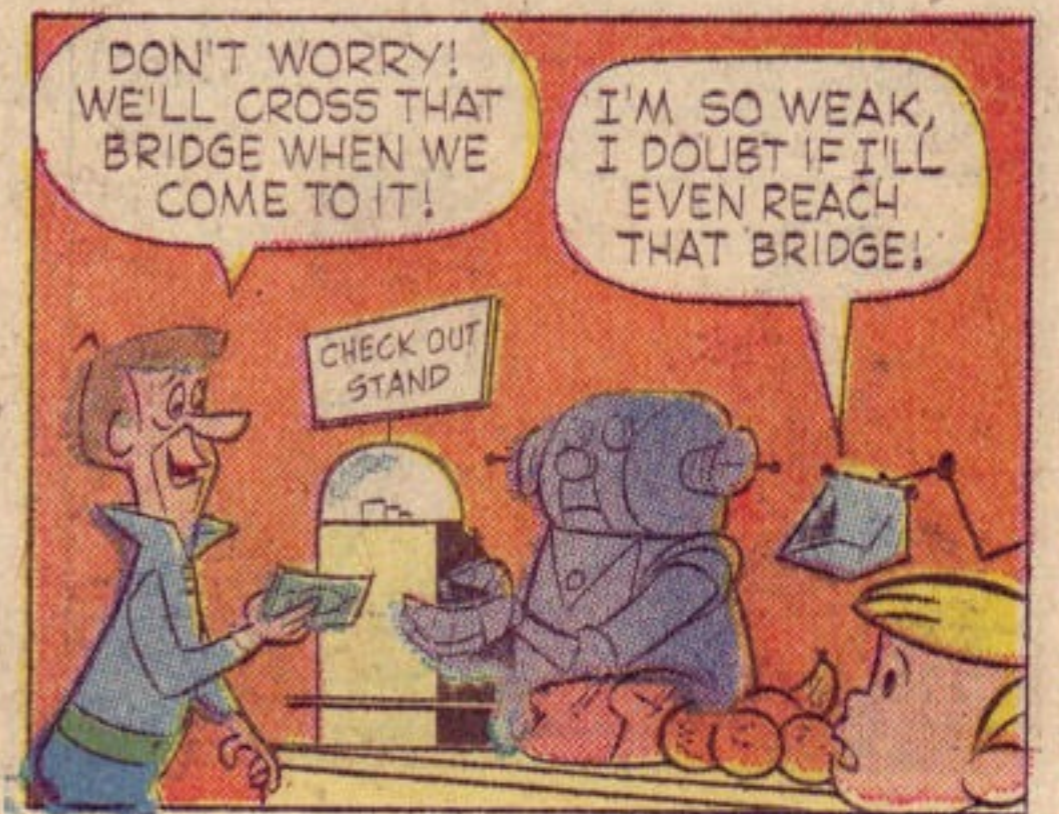
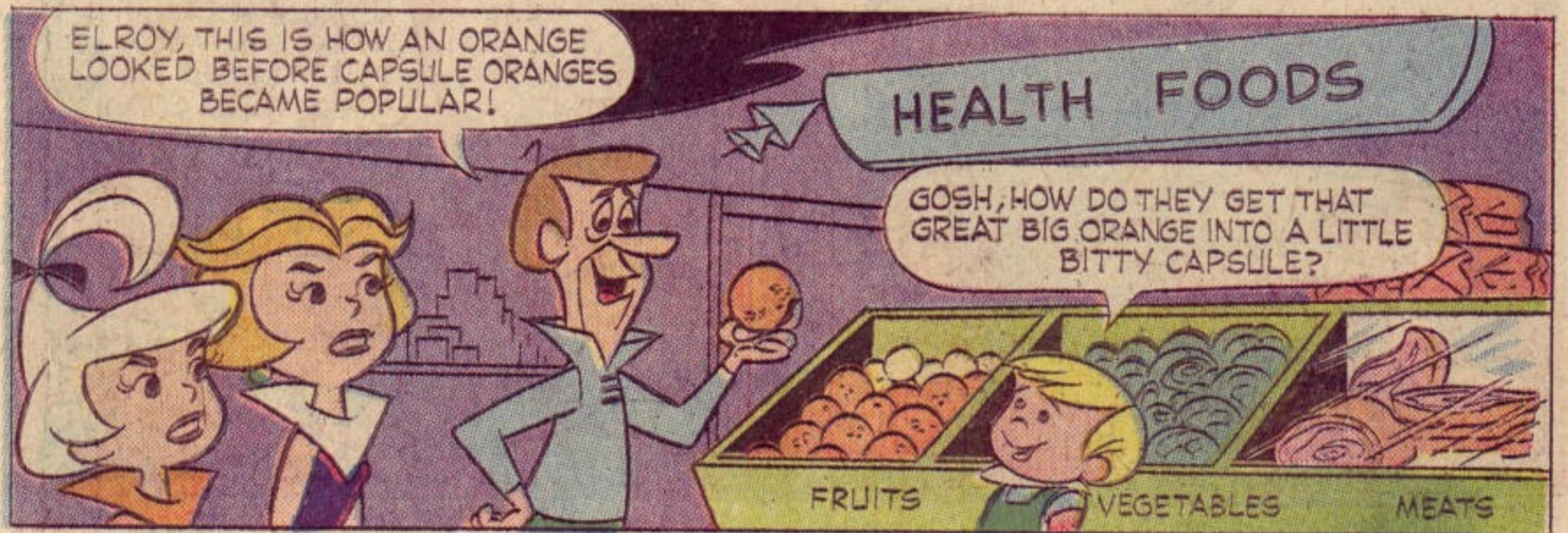
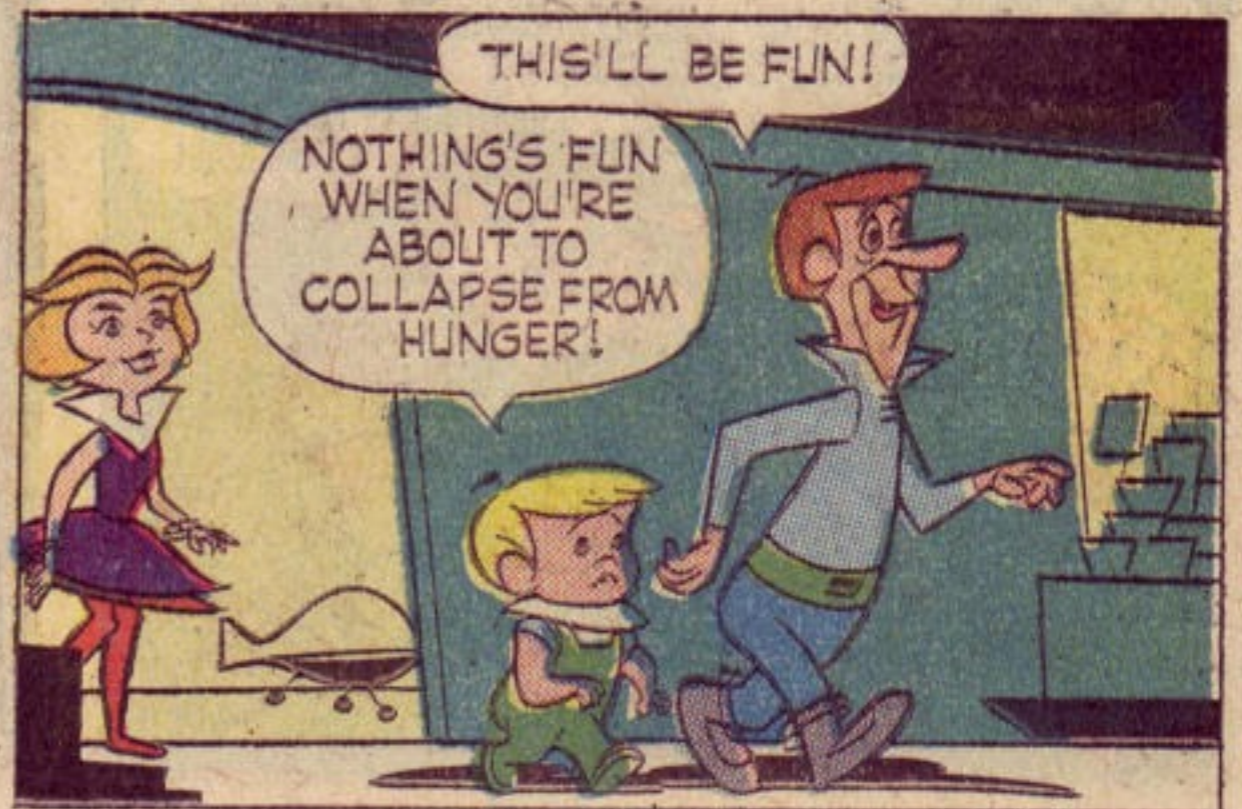
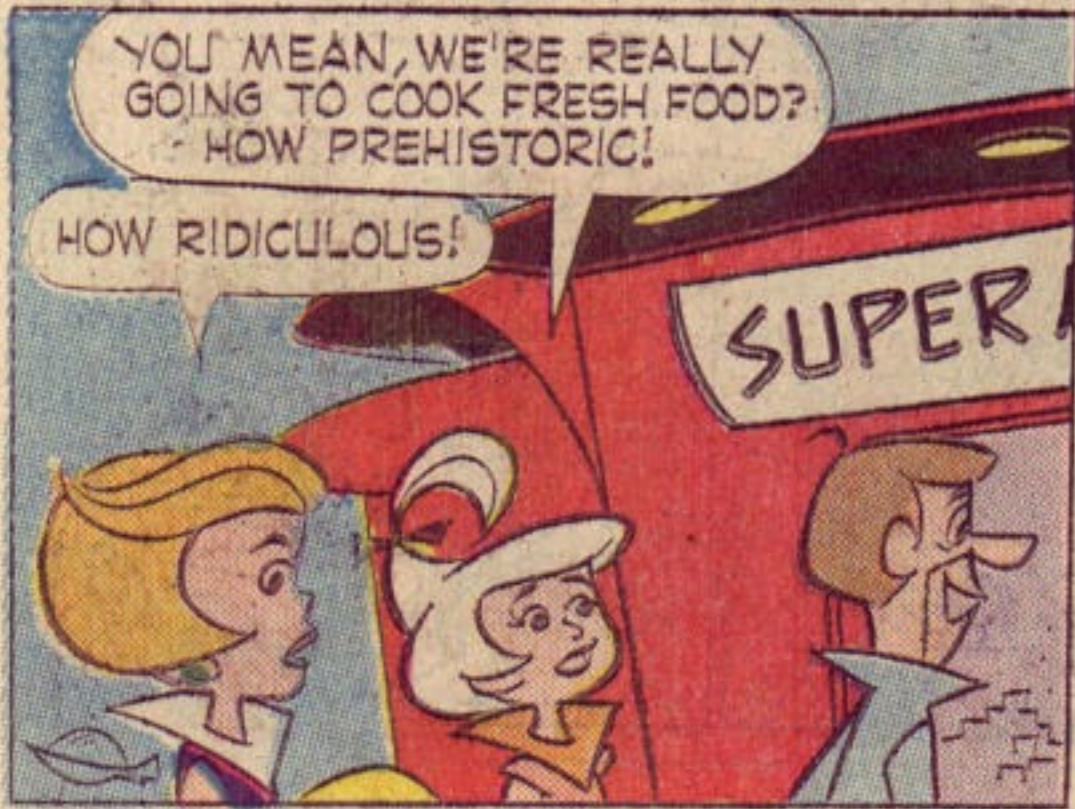


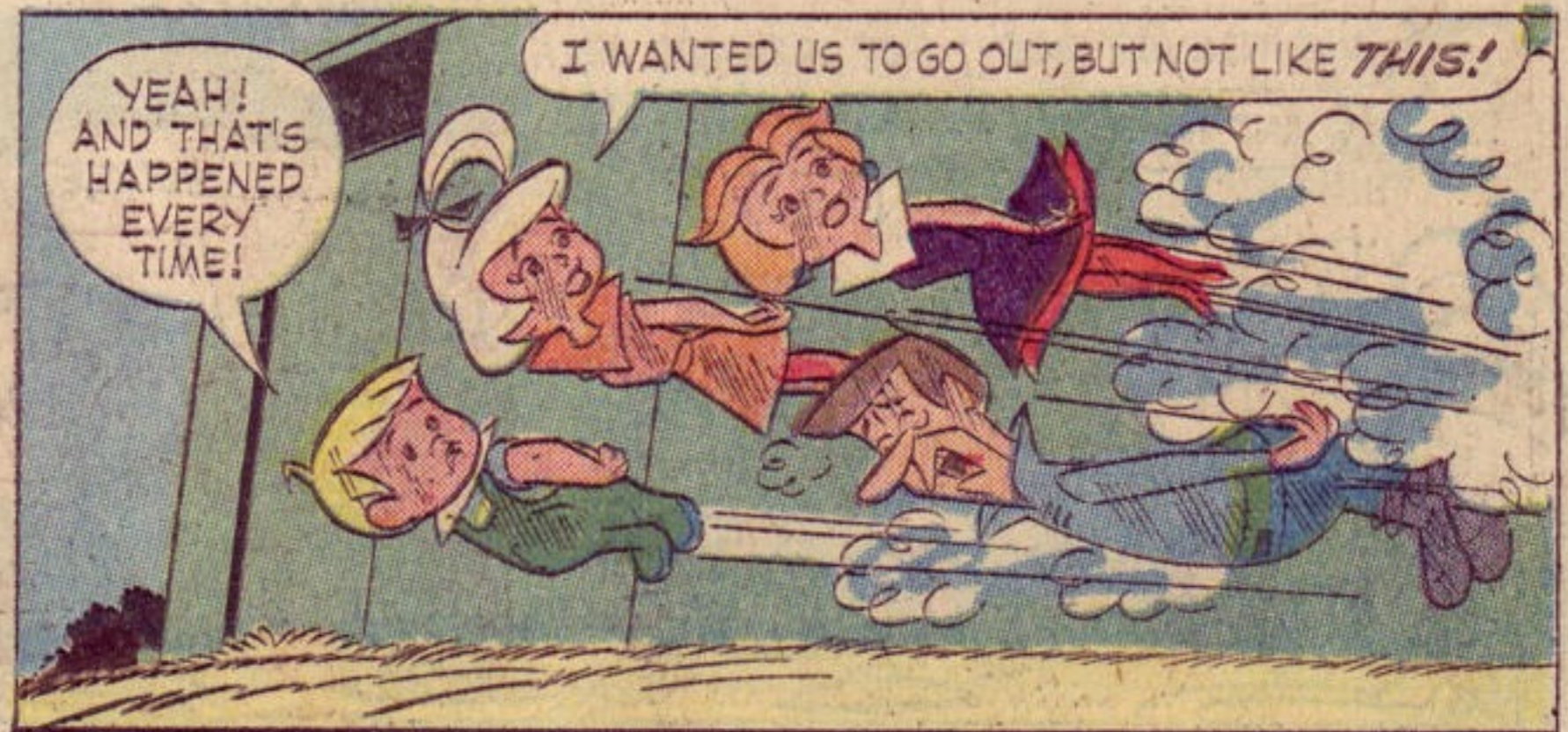
IN THE MOOD FOR FOOD

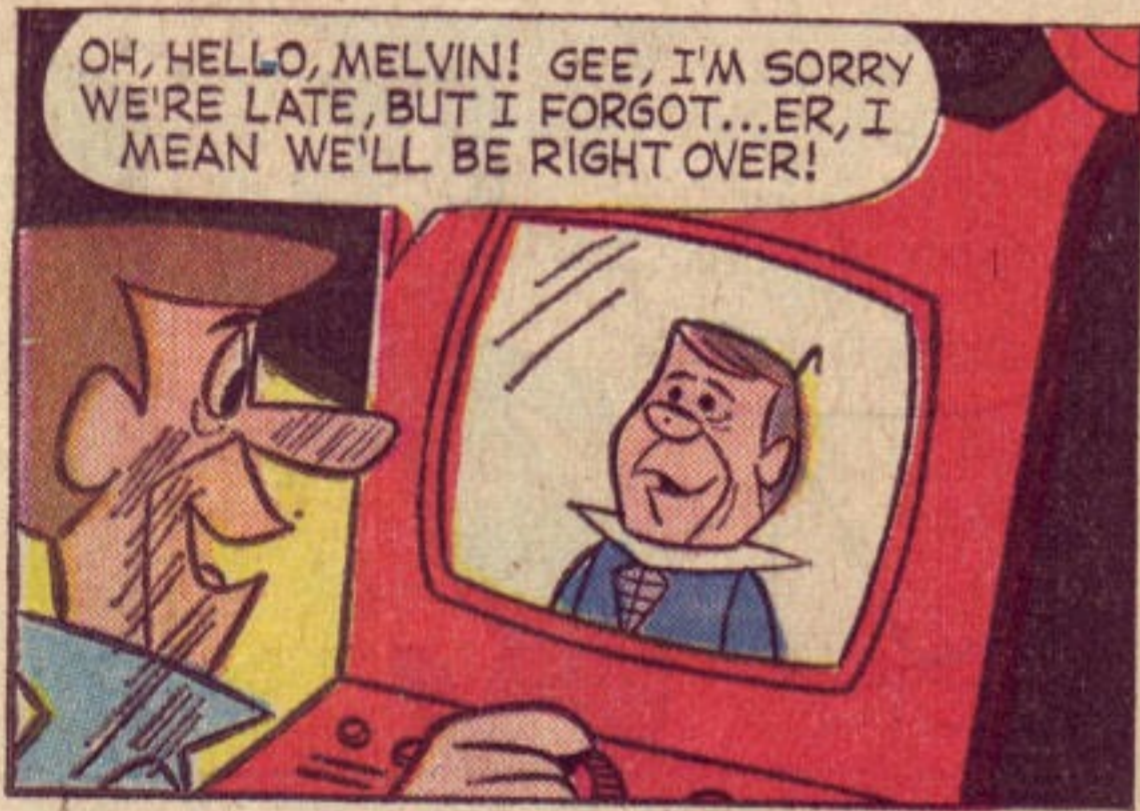




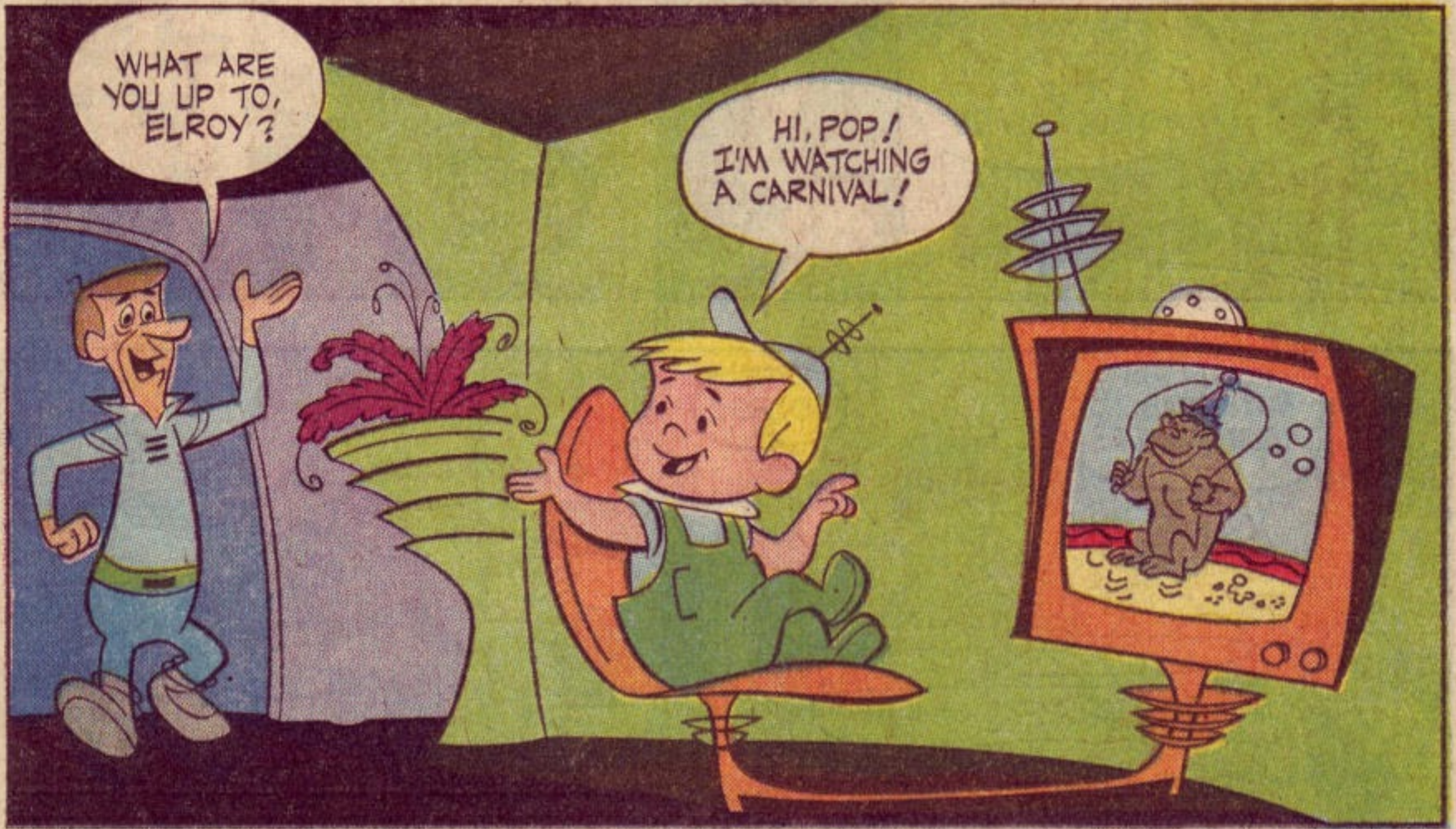


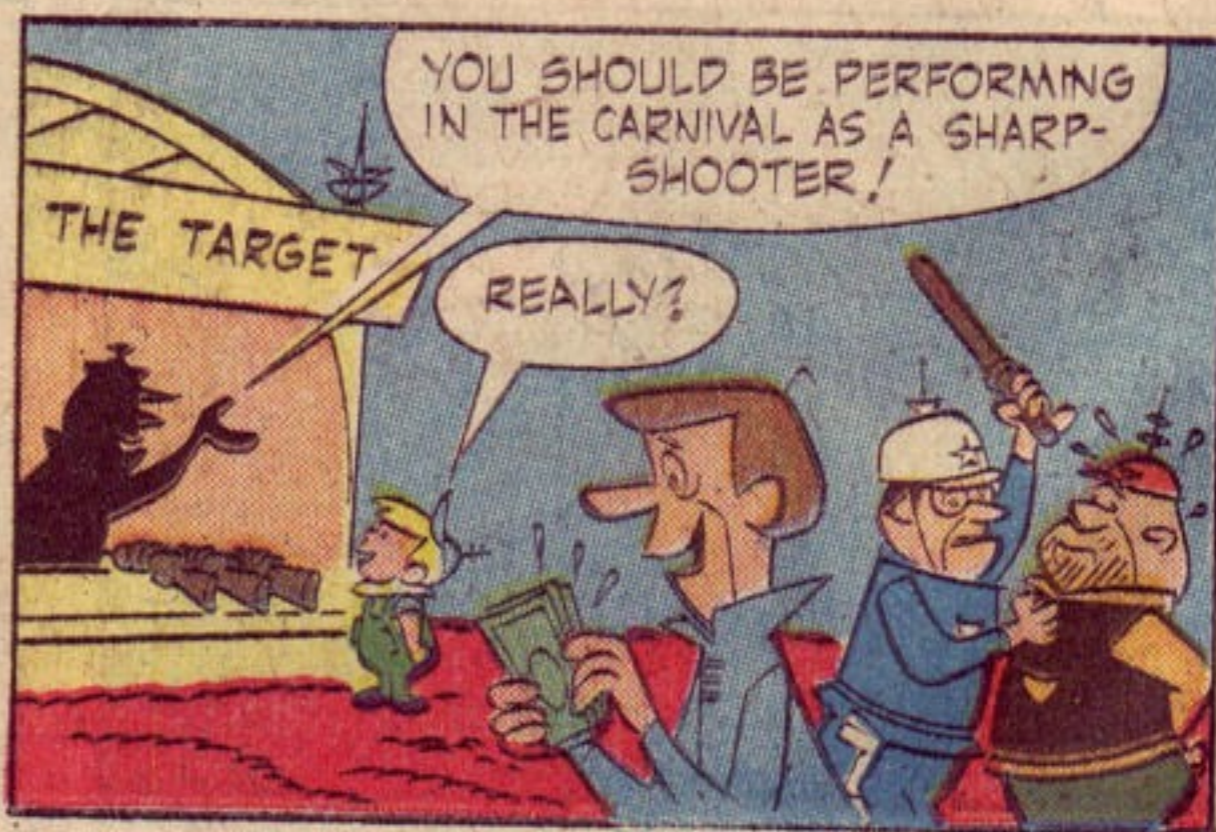
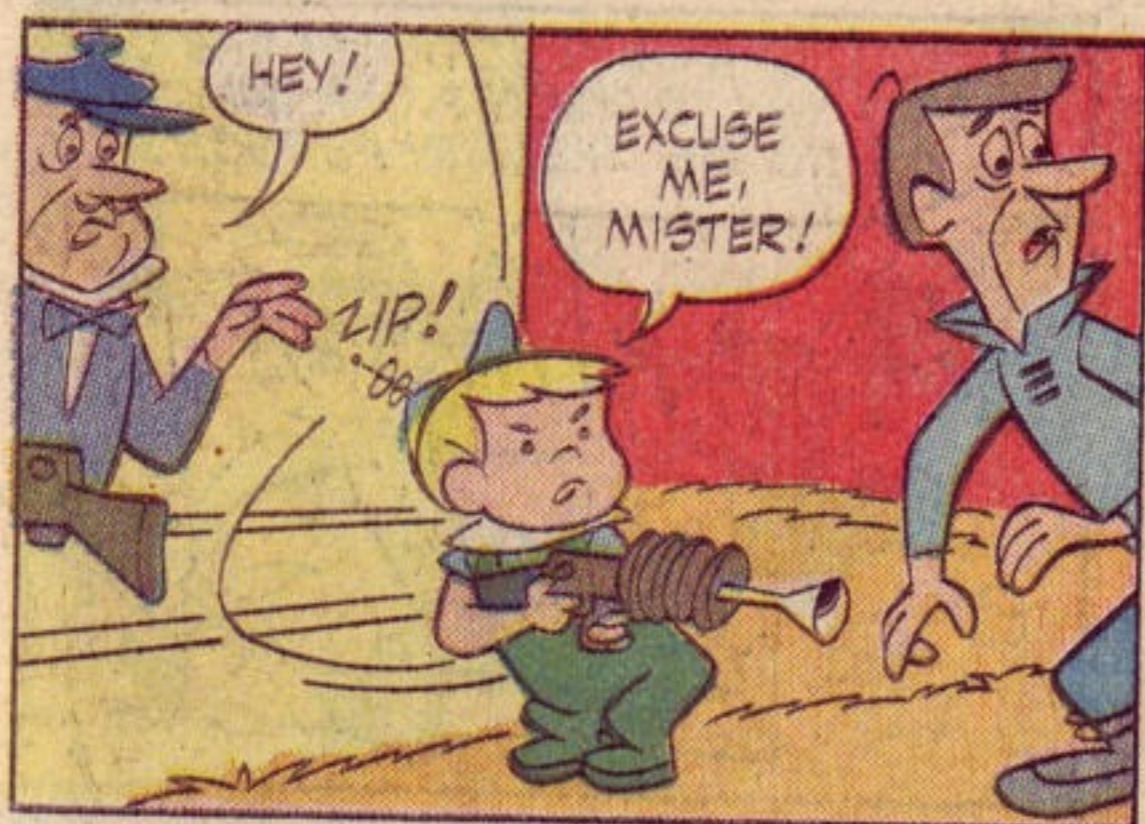
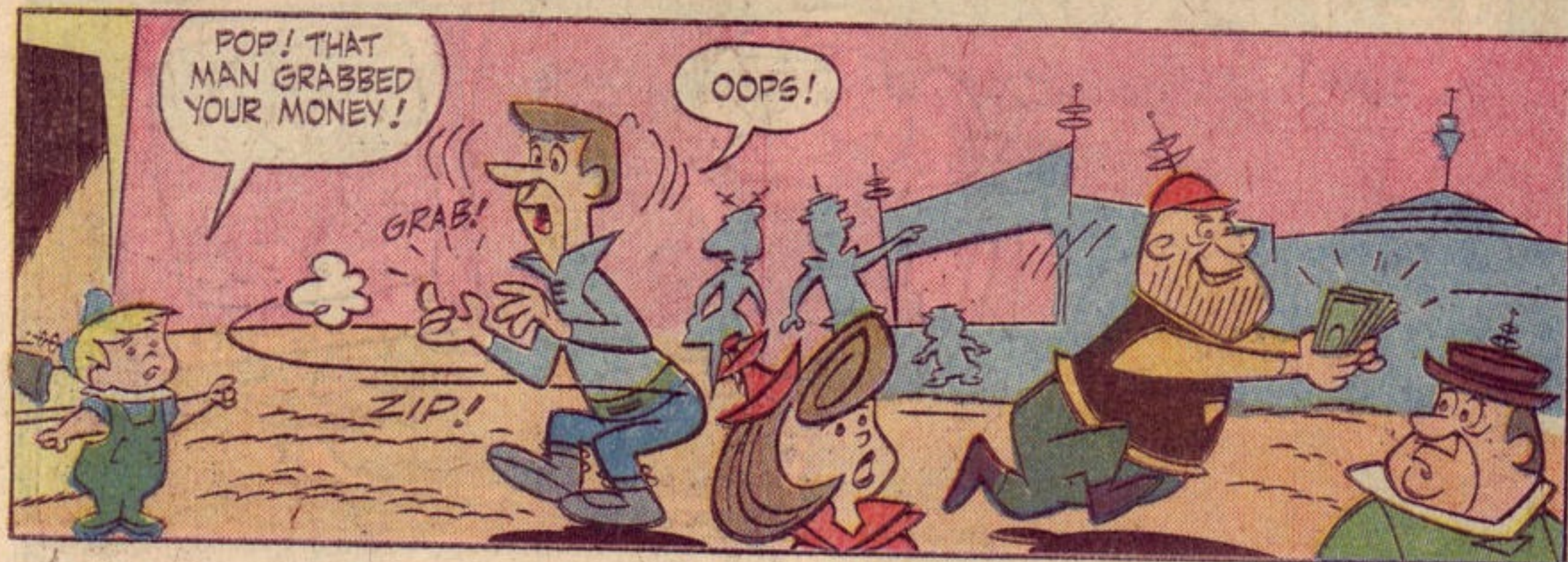


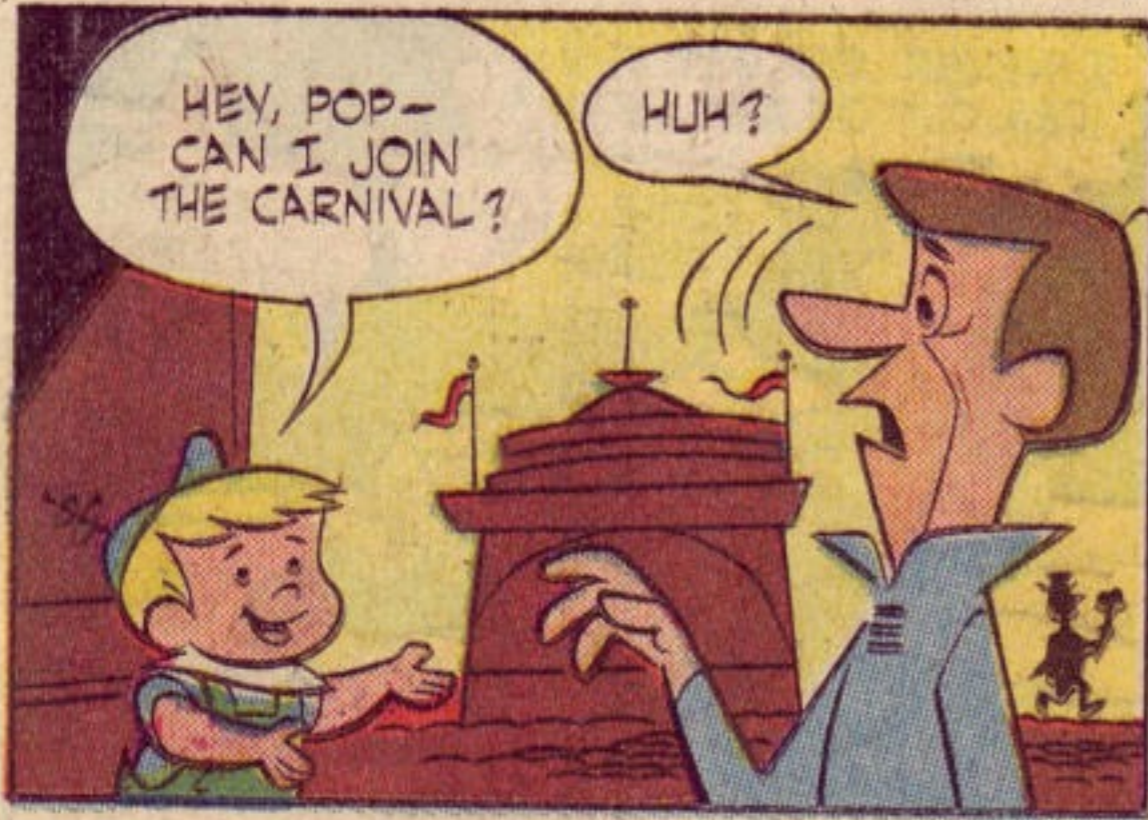




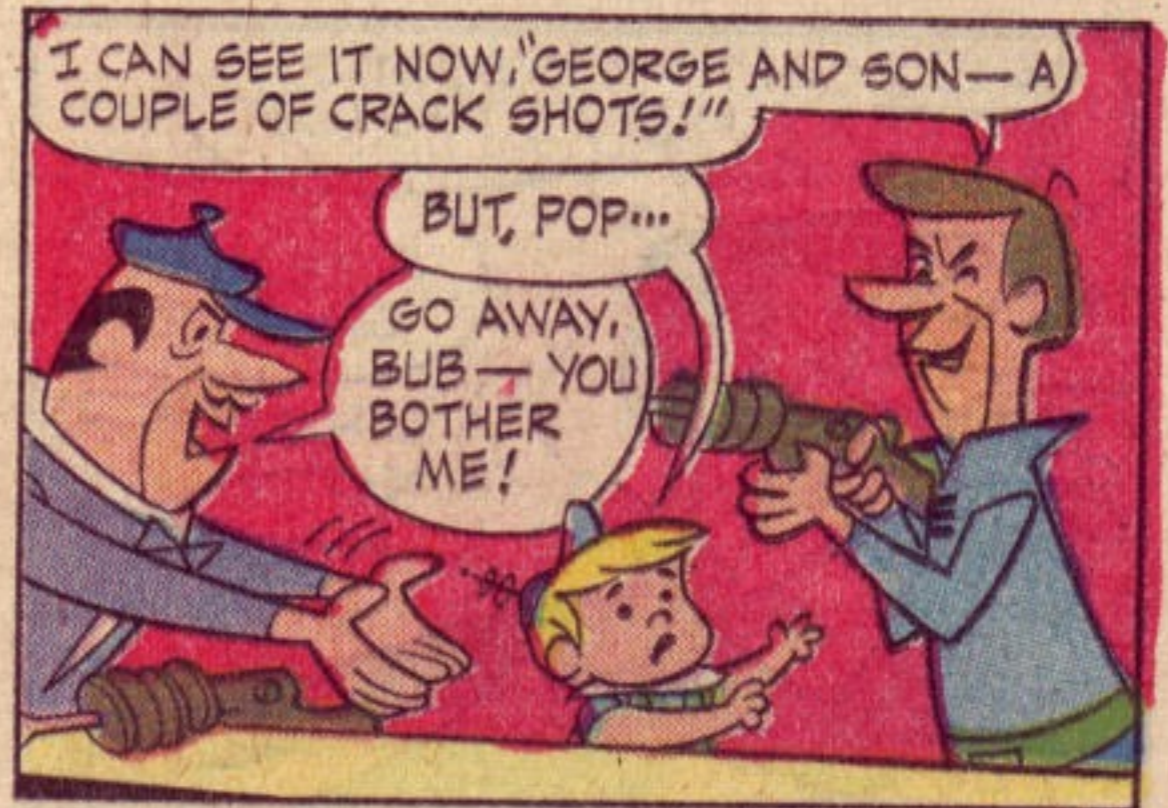
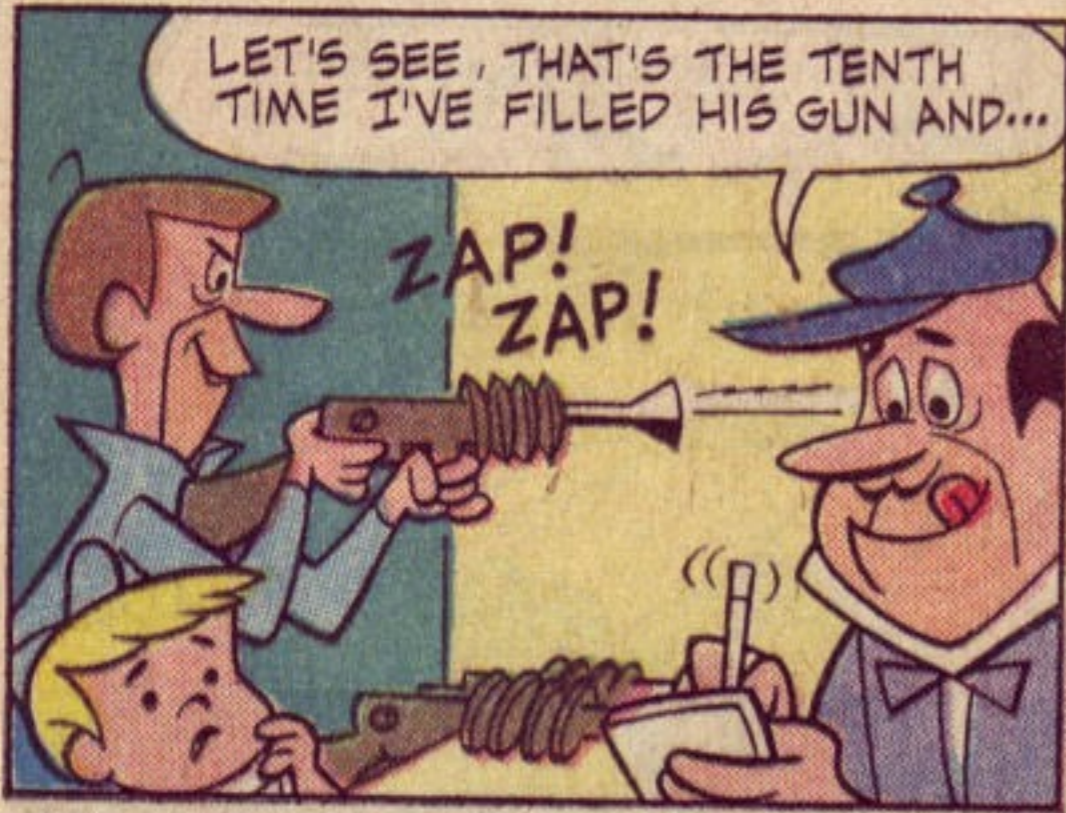
SPACE CARNIVAL















"Dahling," croaked Mrs. J. Evil Scientist to her horrendous husband, "don't you think it's time we took a trip to Europe? All our friends have gone, and we haven't been there for ages — Middle Ages, to be exact!"

"Yes, it would cheer me up to visit old torture chambers and such," agreed J. Evil. "Let's go and pick up a new car there!"

So the next night, bedecked in stylish black shrouds, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist bid good-bye — excuse me, bad-bye — to Junior and left for the Continent.

Climbing aboard their two-seater broom in the middle of a raging thunderstorm, the two travellers flew to a lonely stretch of rocky coast. There they waited for clearer skies before taking off across the ocean for the shores of continental Europe.

Upon their arrival, J. Evil summoned a fiery dragon from the depths of a seaside cave, and he and Goonda continued their journey, landing soon afterwards in a promising-looking junkyard. There, dismissing their monstrous steed with a ghoulish shriek, J. Evil searched feverishly for a new car and soon found a suitable and ancient hearse to convey them all around the countries of Europe with ghostly creaks.

With grim glee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Evil Scientist visited the ruins of Pompeii and the sewers of Paris. They happily passed the hours reading gloomy epitaphs off mossy gravestones in the moonlight, and conversed

with assorted vampires, witches, werewolves and ghouls in their local habitats. With equal pleasure, Goonda and J. Evil hovered in the dark and musty corners of museums, admiring vicious medieval weapons and re-constructed torture chambers.

Then they began their nighttime tours of ancient castles. Gliding stealthily along shadowy battlements, down drafty corridors, and across cavernous halls, J. Evil and his wife thrilled to every creak and clank. But stopping to chat with some friendly ghosts, they were soon grievously informed how much things had changed since the Middle Ages.

"Gone are the dens of fierce lions. Gone are the chains and guillotines. Gone are the vicious watchdogs!" wailed one ghost.

"Everything's so modernized," moaned another spectral voice. "Castles are turned into *hotels*, nowadays," he shuddered, "with swimming pools and golf courses!"

"And what's worse," whimpered a third ghost, "the sound of *laughter* echoes through the hallways and courtyards. It's hard to find a decent place to live!"

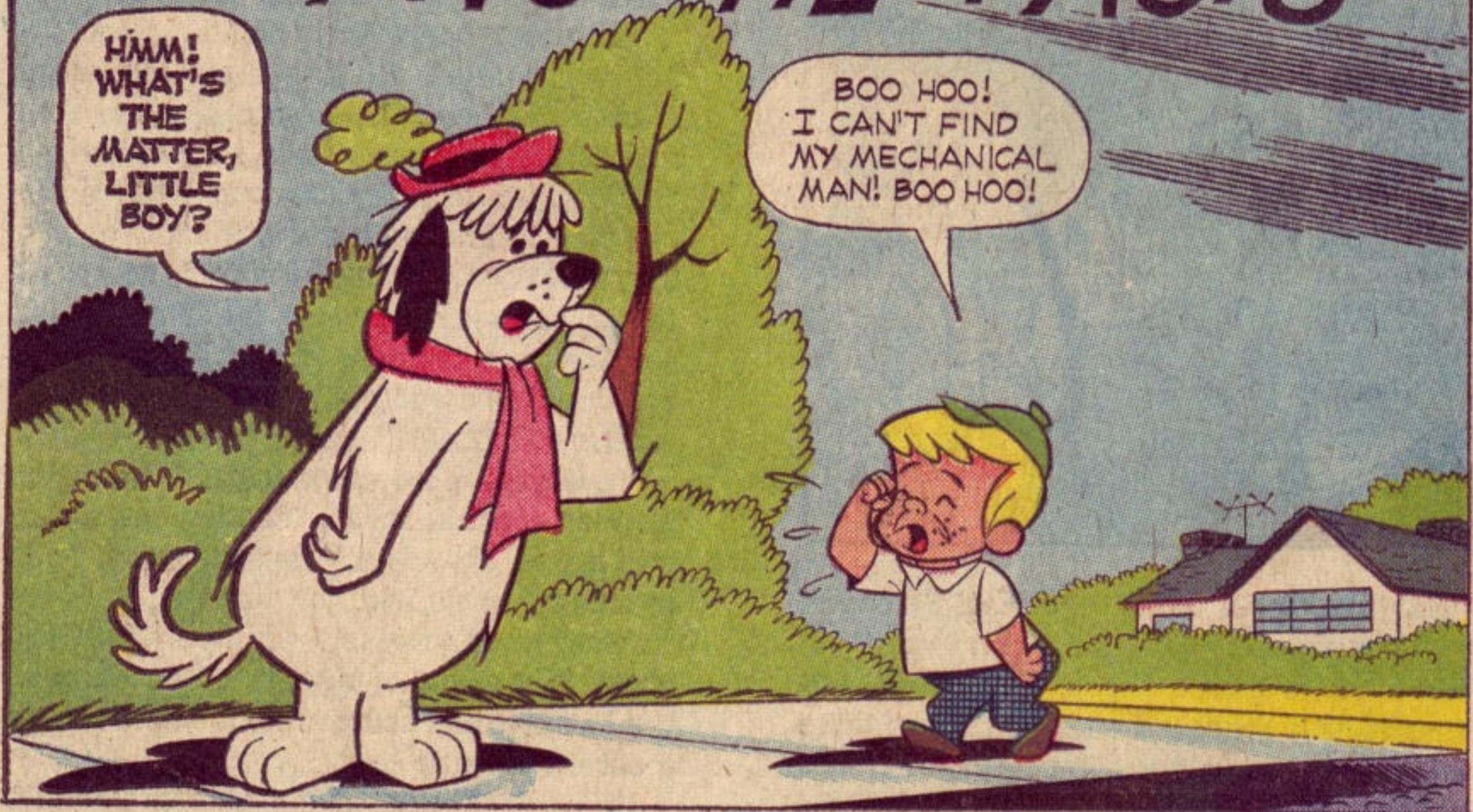
"How dreadful!" sympathized Goonda. "We really must do something for you."

So Goonda and J. Evil embarked on a new quest. For nights on end they drove their hearse all over Europe searching for a remote medieval castle, untouched by the revolting influences of the twentieth century. At last, led on by gruesome instincts, they found the dank ruins of an ancient fortress atop a rockbound cliff, overlooking a murky lake. Here was a dwelling place for all the ghosts of Europe who wanted a good, old-fashioned home! Here they could roam contentedly up and down broken stairways of slimy rock, flit across the stagnant moat for picnics in the gloomy forest, and rest with silent skeletons in the damp, dirty corners of a black dungeon.

"You've made life worth living — if you will pardon the expression," shrieked one old ghost. "How can we ever thank you?"

"Just reserve us a space in the dungeon," requested Goonda, "so we can bring Junior here for a holiday." Then turning to J. Evil with a satisfied grimace, she said, "This trip to Europe has been a wonderful success, dear. Just look at the perfectly lovely summer home we've found!"

Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHE' and DUM DUM**
GETTING THE FACTS



HMM!
 WHAT'S
 THE
 MATTER,
 LITTLE
 BOY?

BOO HOO!
 I CAN'T FIND
 MY MECHANICAL
 MAN! BOO HOO!



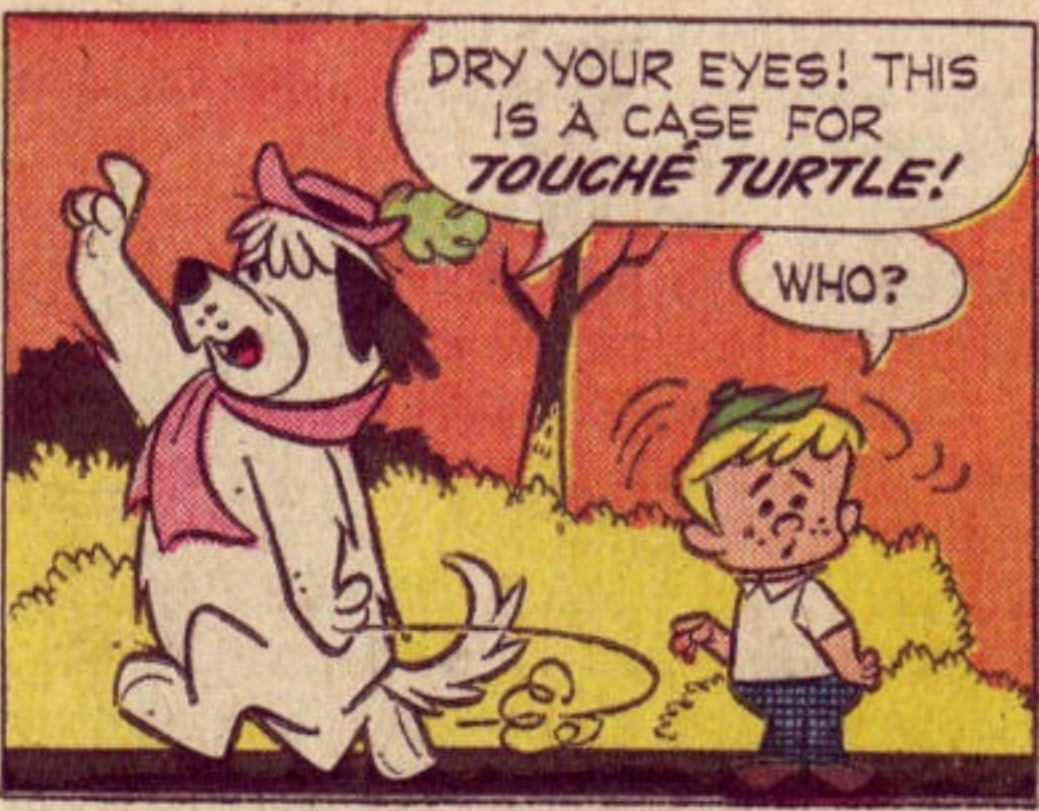
HM! AS TOUCHE'
 WOULD SAY...
 LET'S HAVE THE
 FACTS, SON!

I WAS BACK THERE
 WATCHING HIM—
 THEN I WENT
 INSIDE MY HOUSE
 FOR A GLASS OF
 WATER...



AND WHEN I CAME OUT
 HE WAS **GONE!** WAAH!

ENOUGH SAID,
 LAD! HERE!
 (SNIFF!)



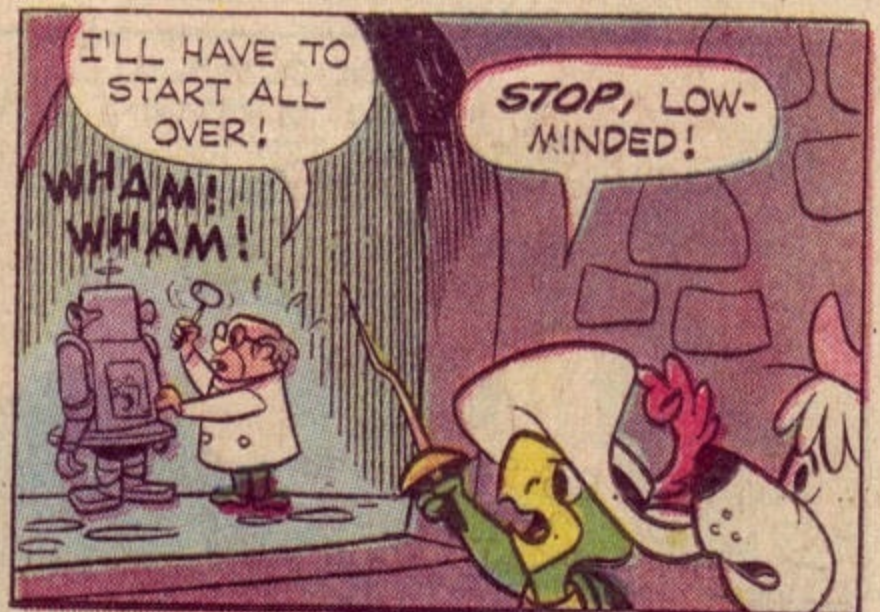
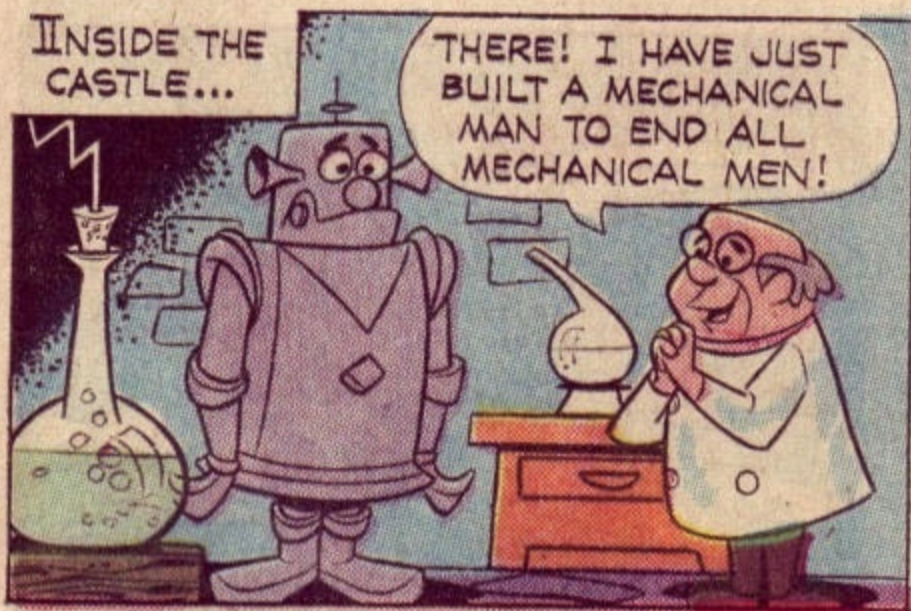
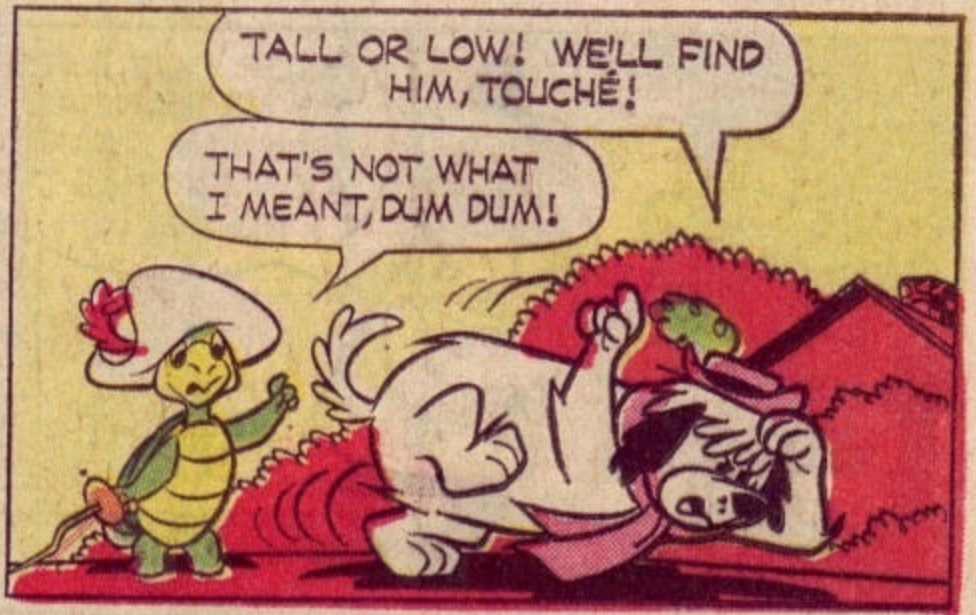
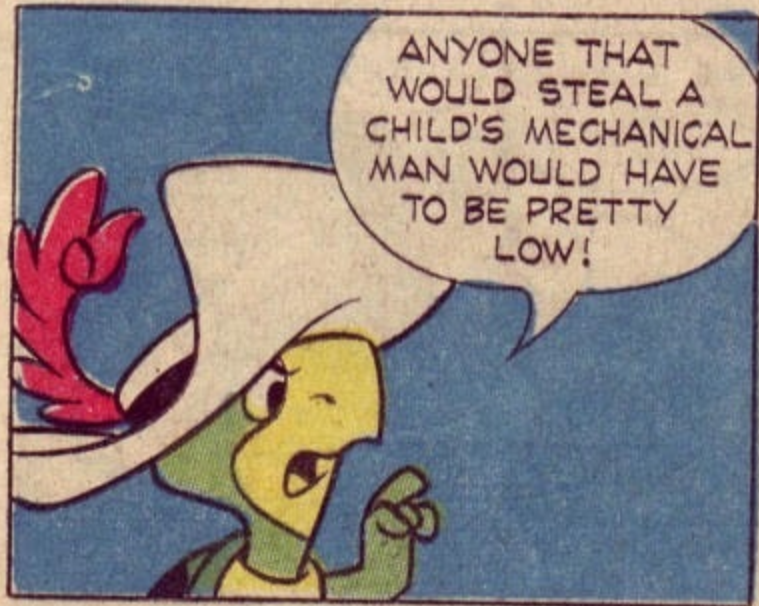
DRY YOUR EYES! THIS
 IS A CASE FOR
TOUCHE' TURTLE!

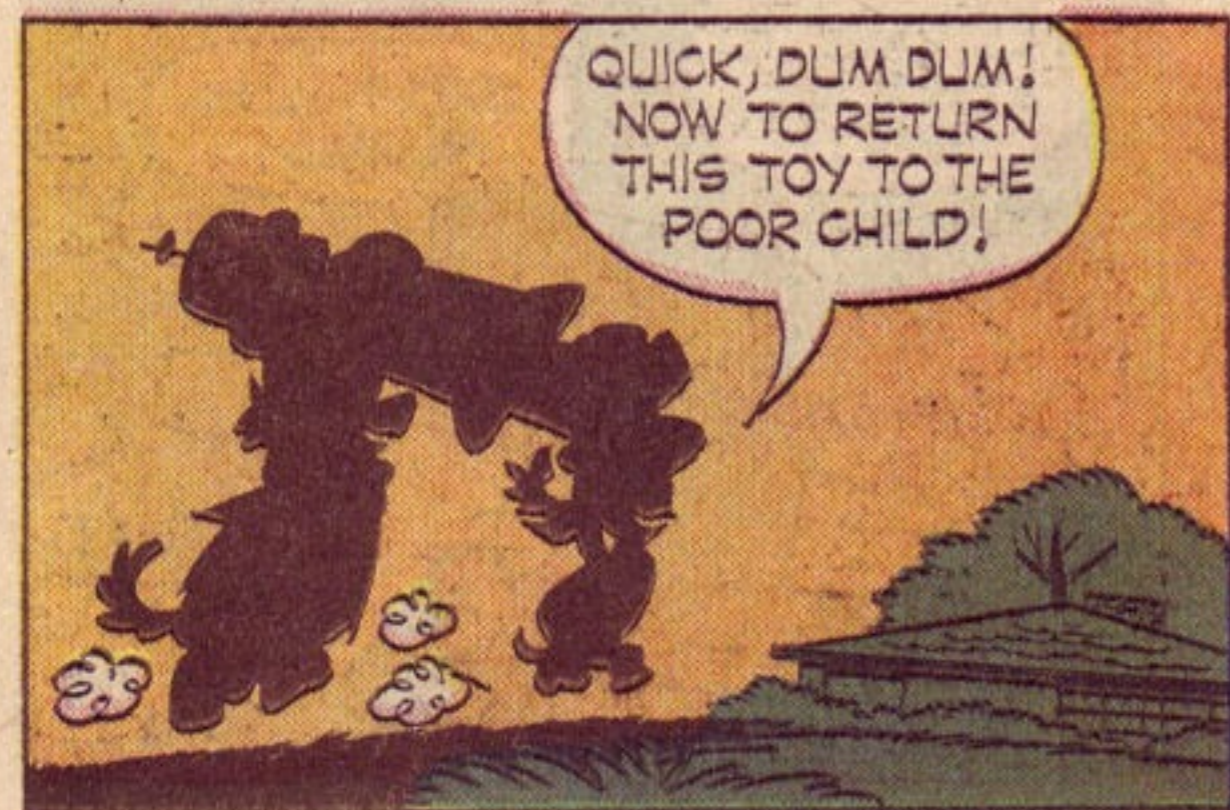
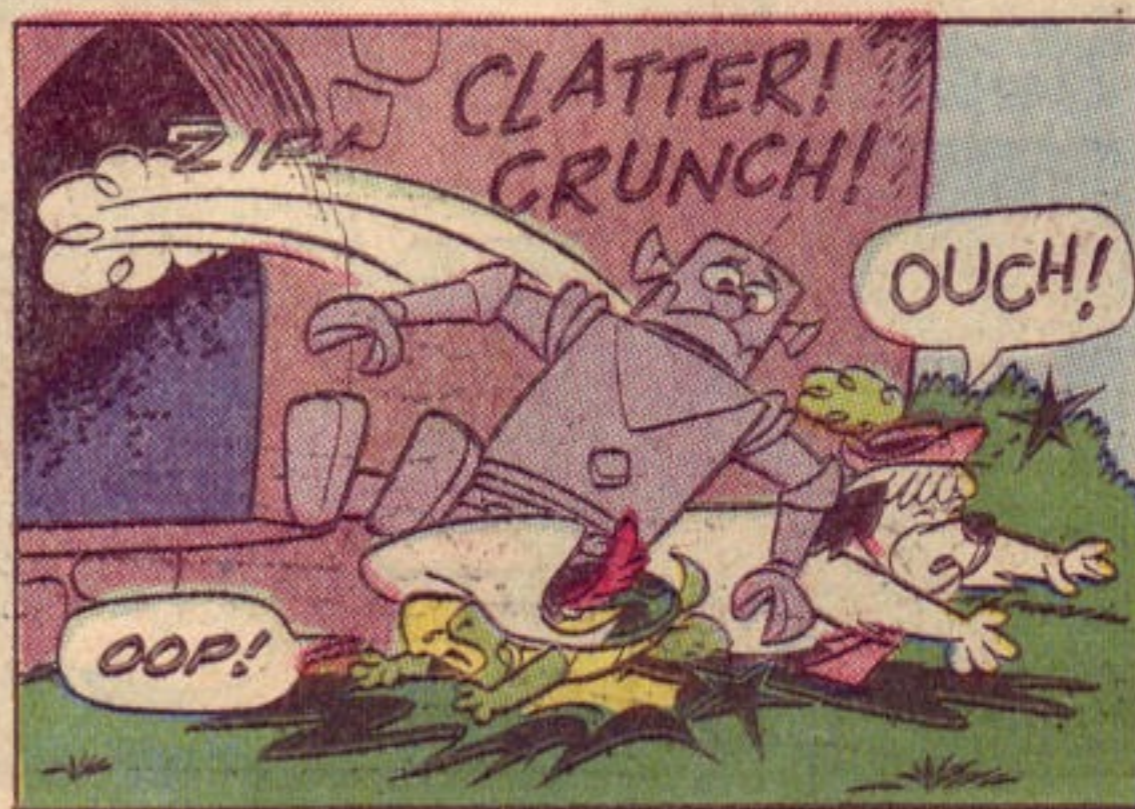
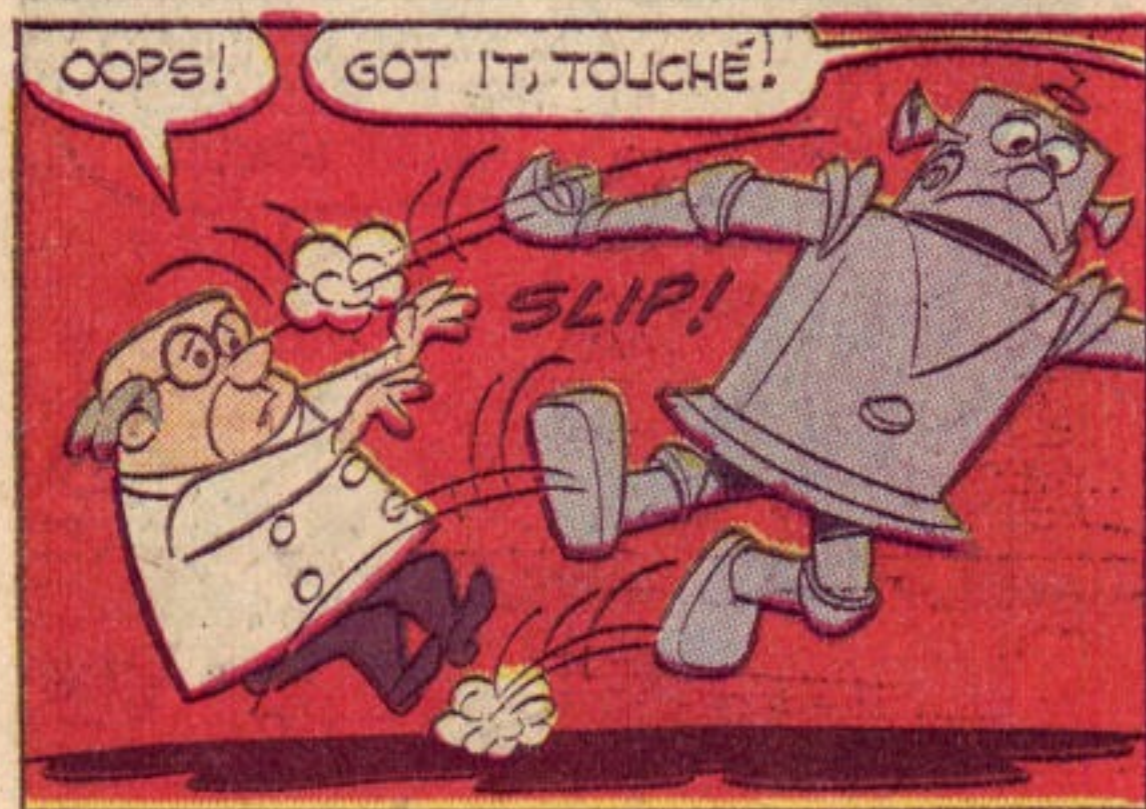
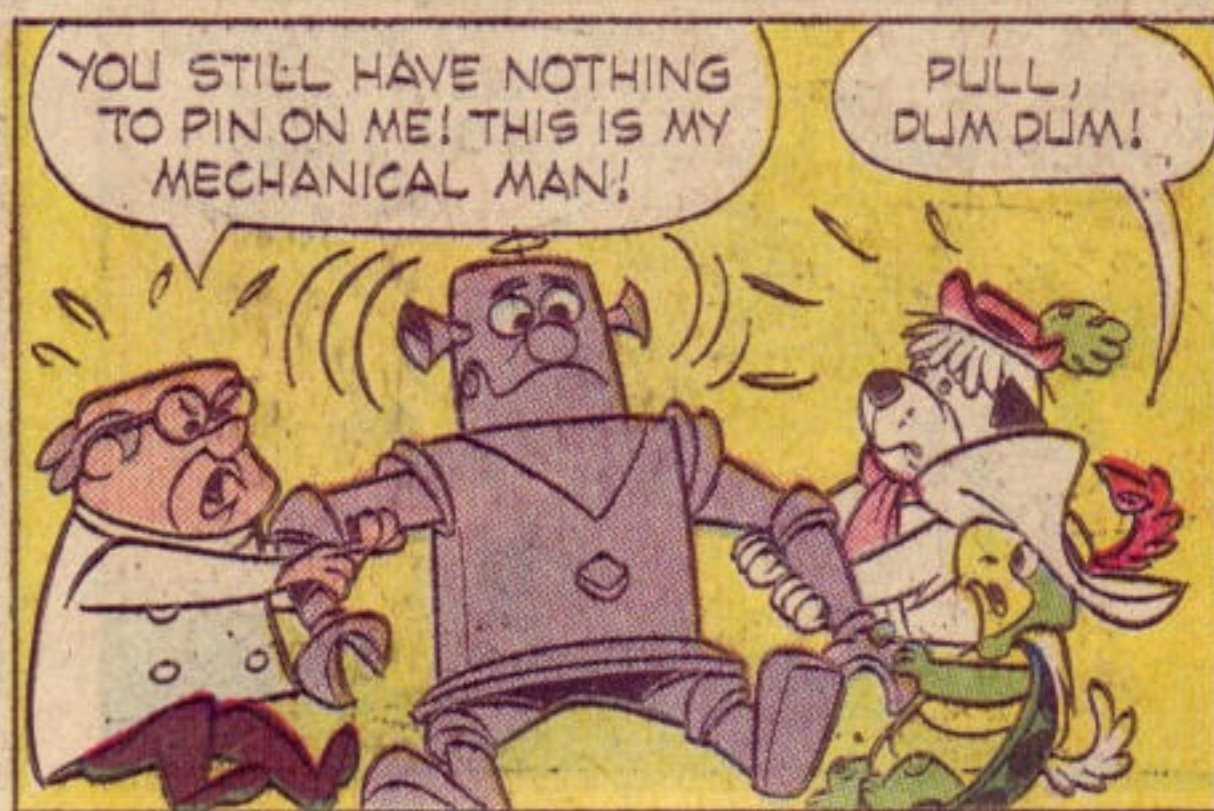
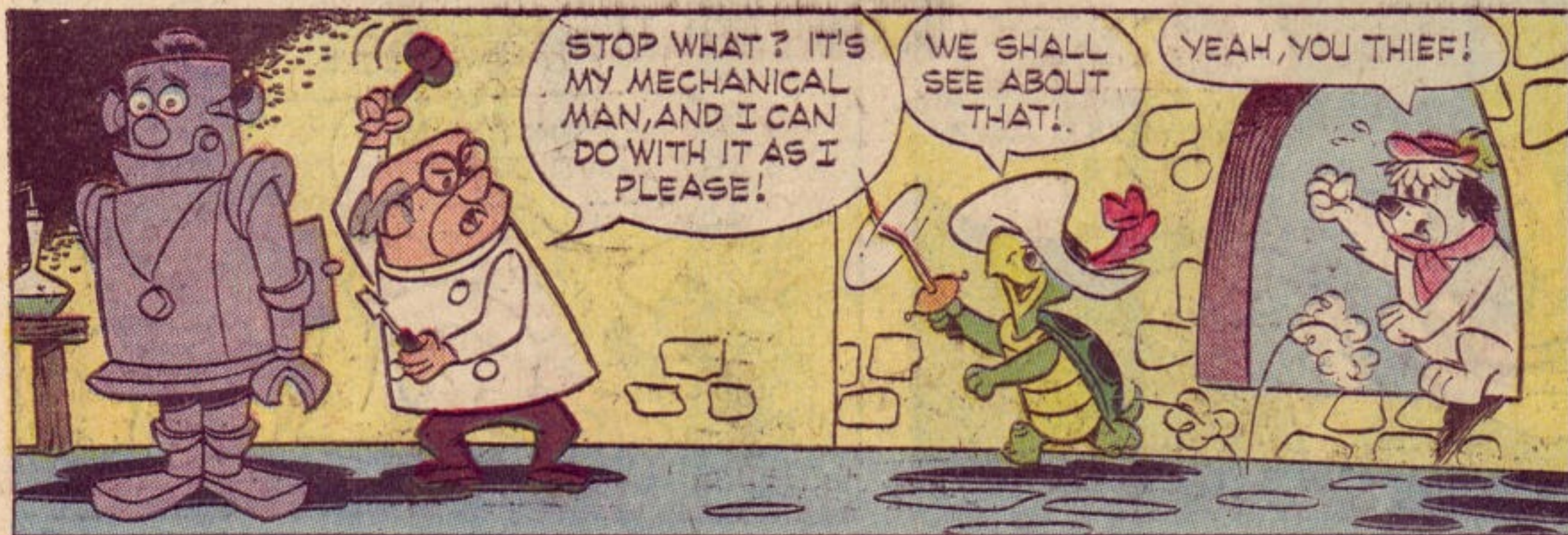
WHO?

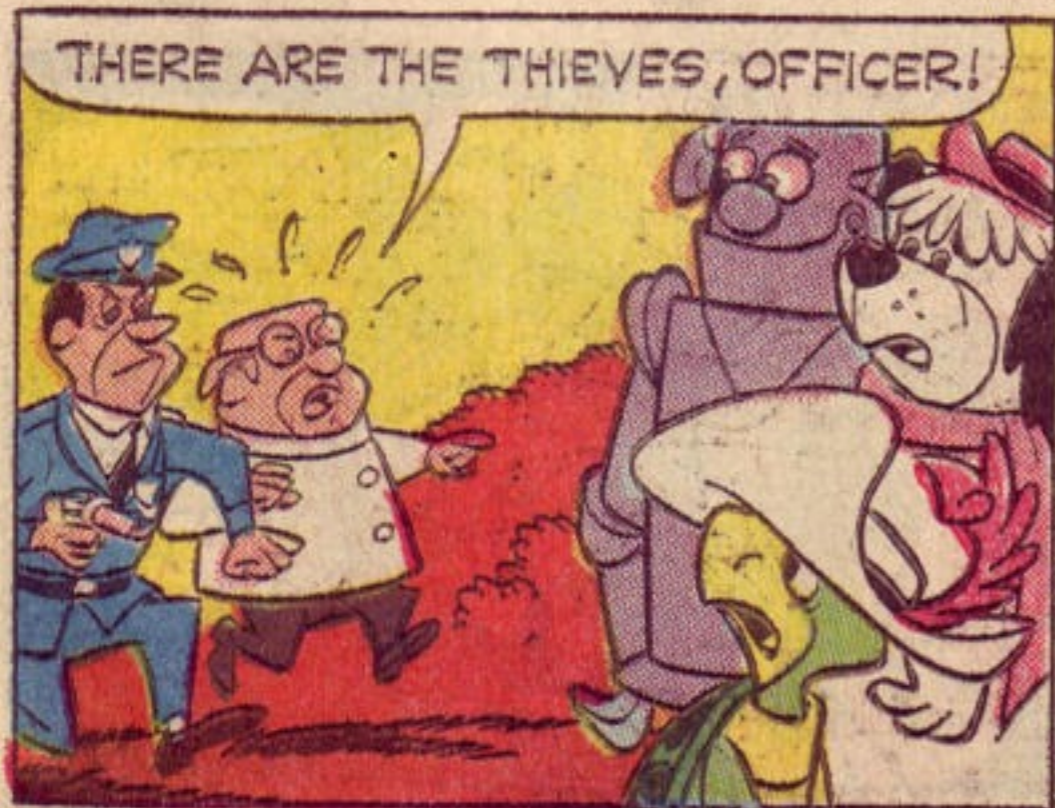
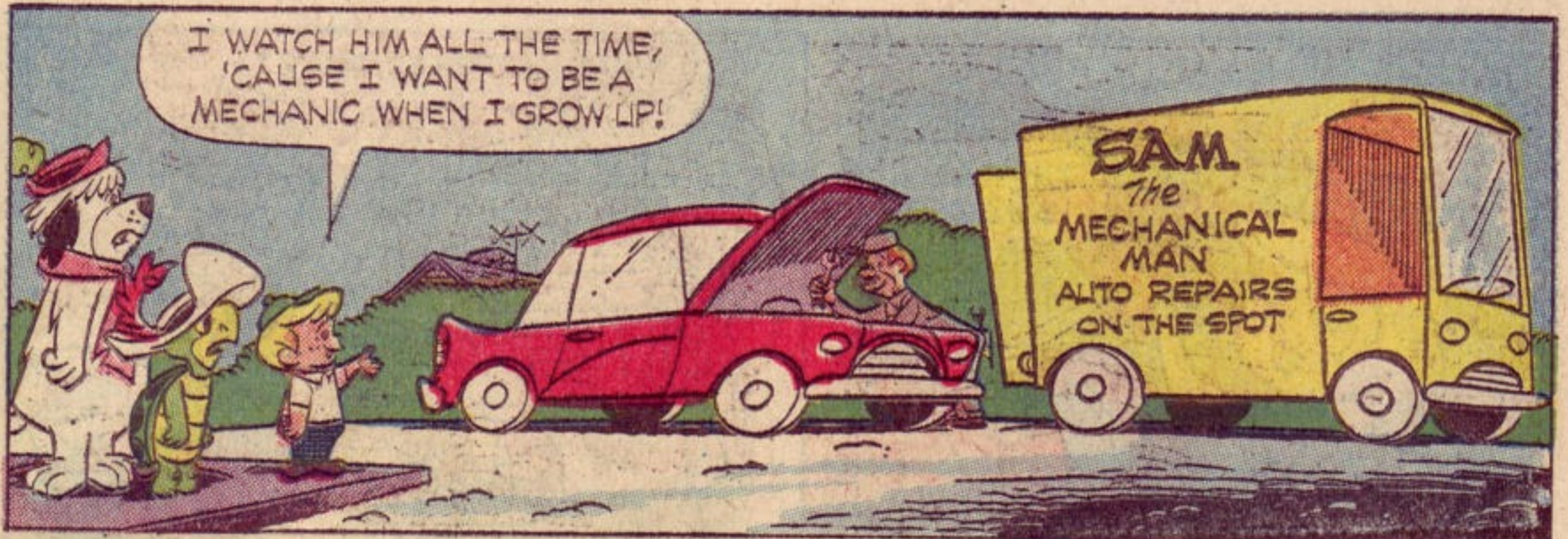
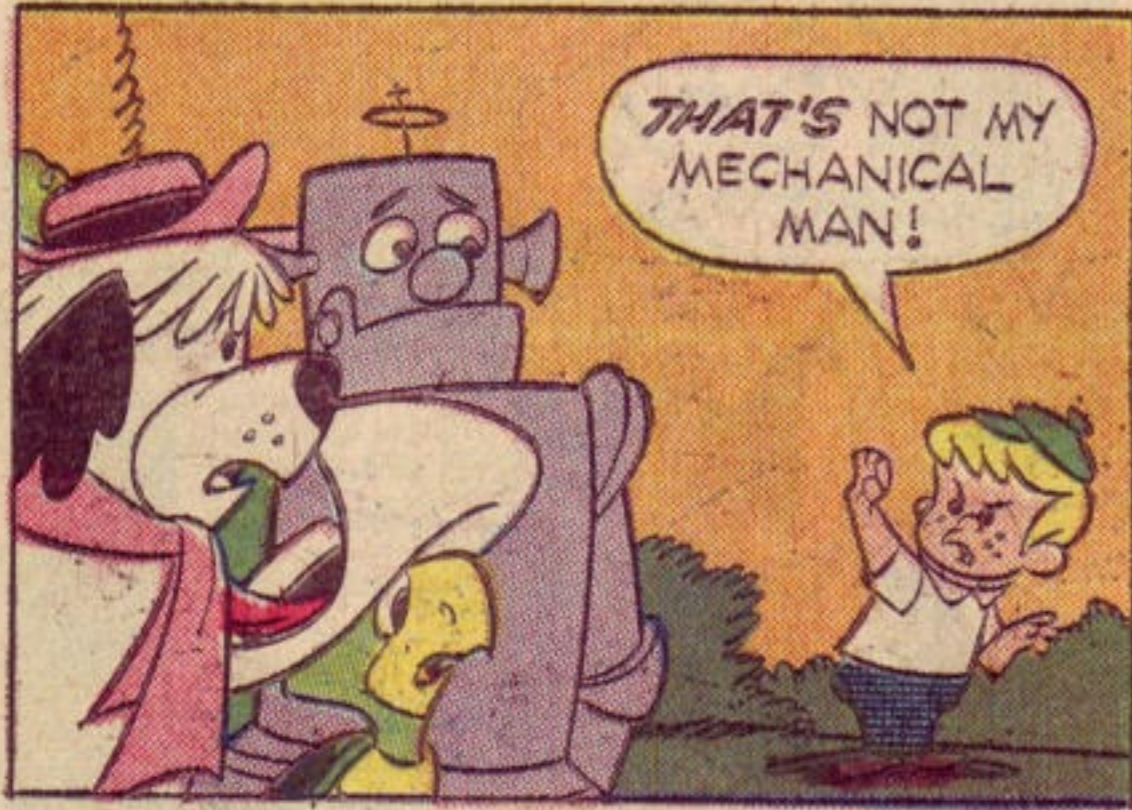
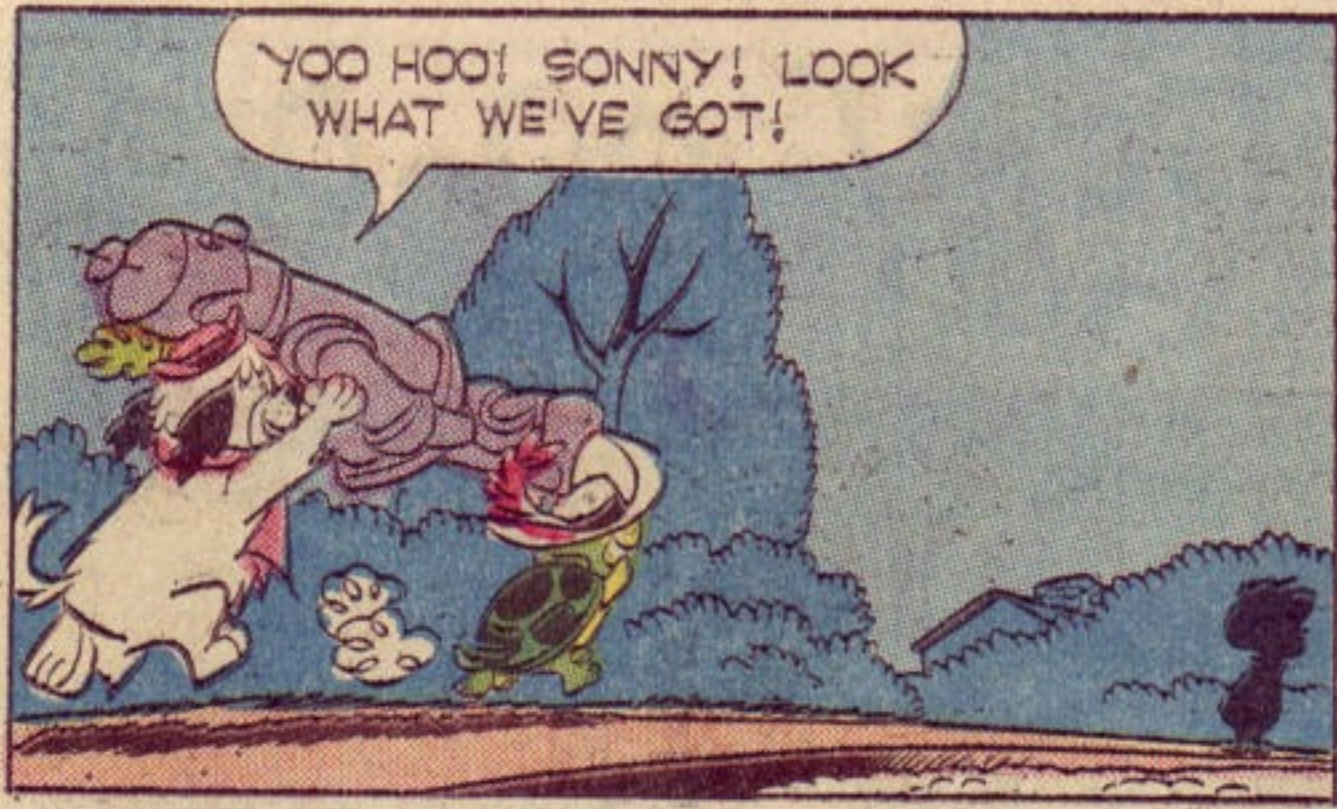


THEN...
 YOU
 DON'T
 SAY!

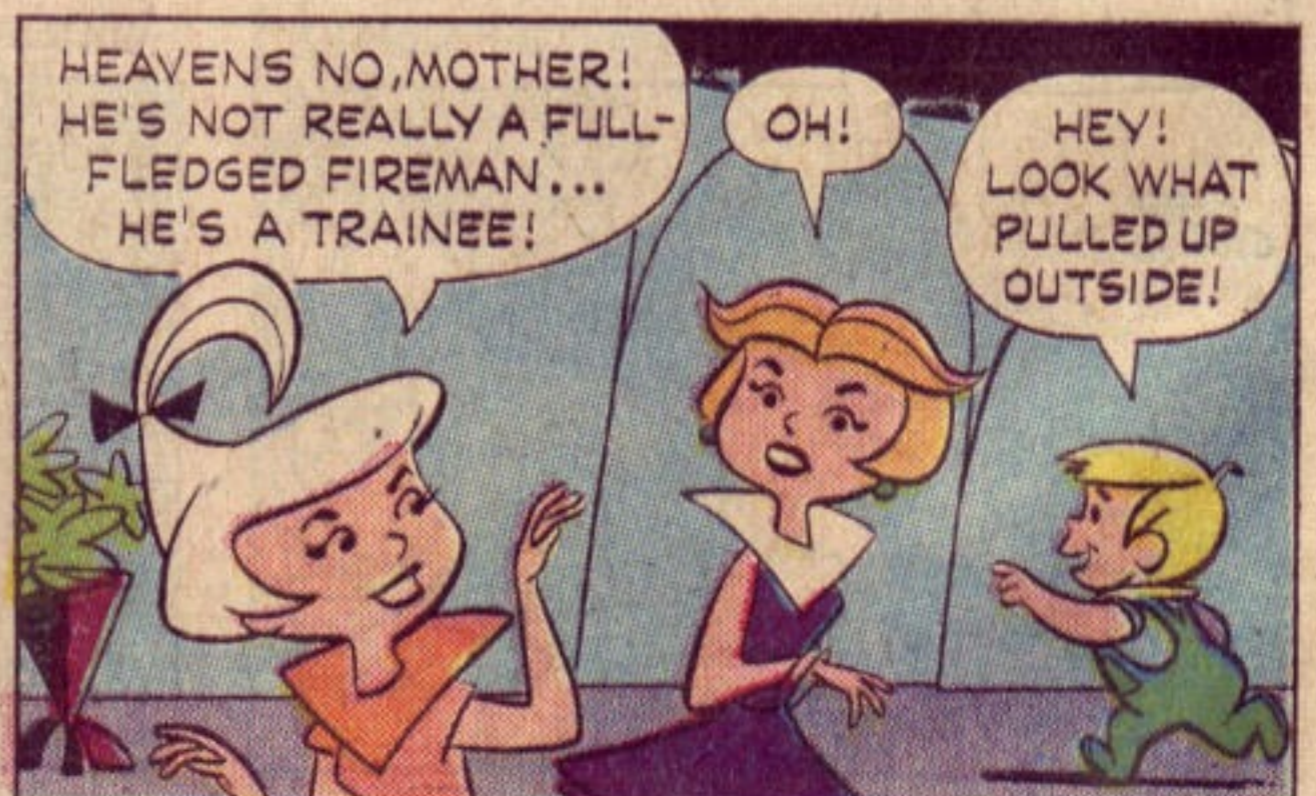
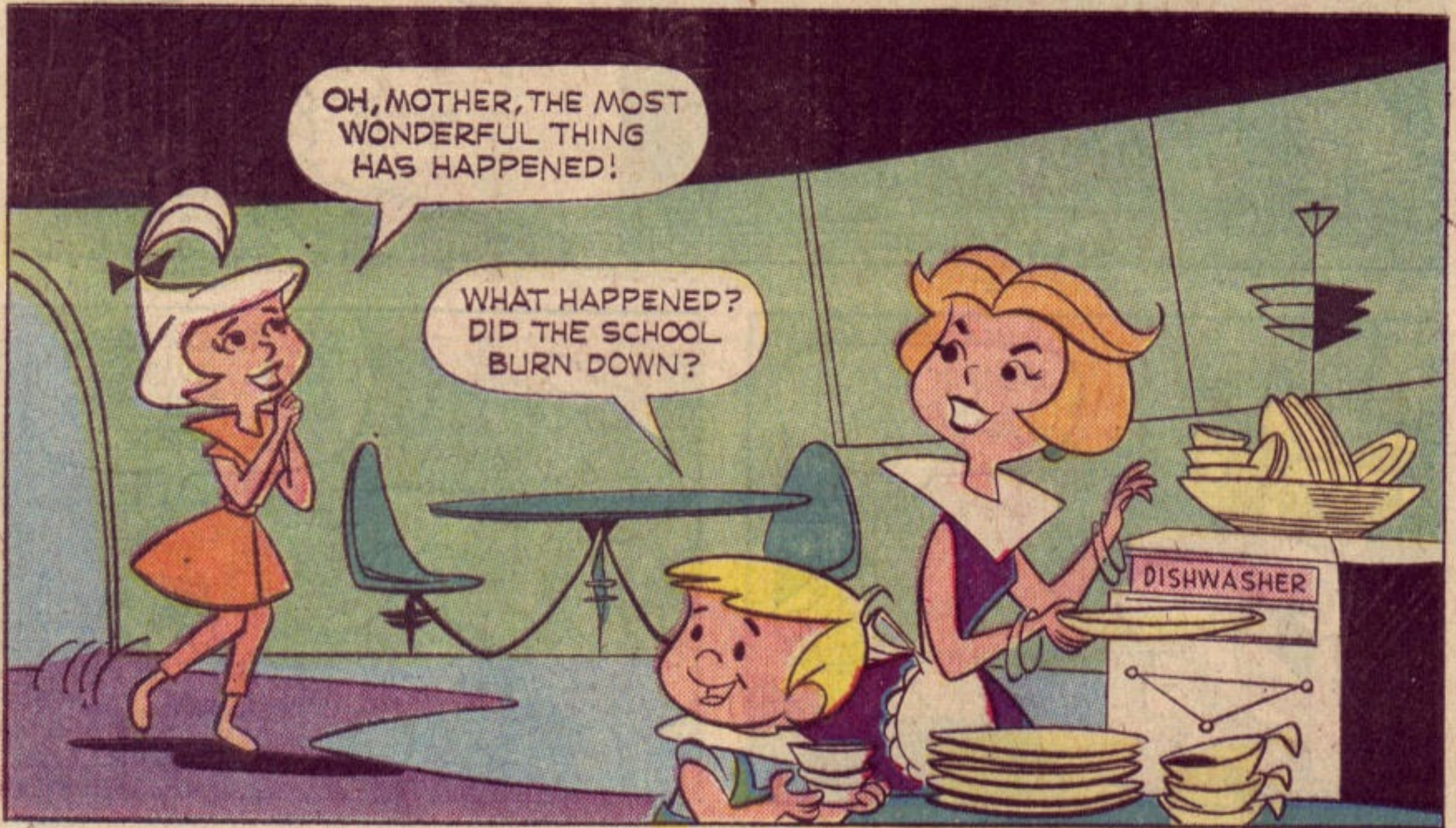
YES, AND THE POOR LAD
 IS BACK THERE CRYING
 HIS EYES OUT!

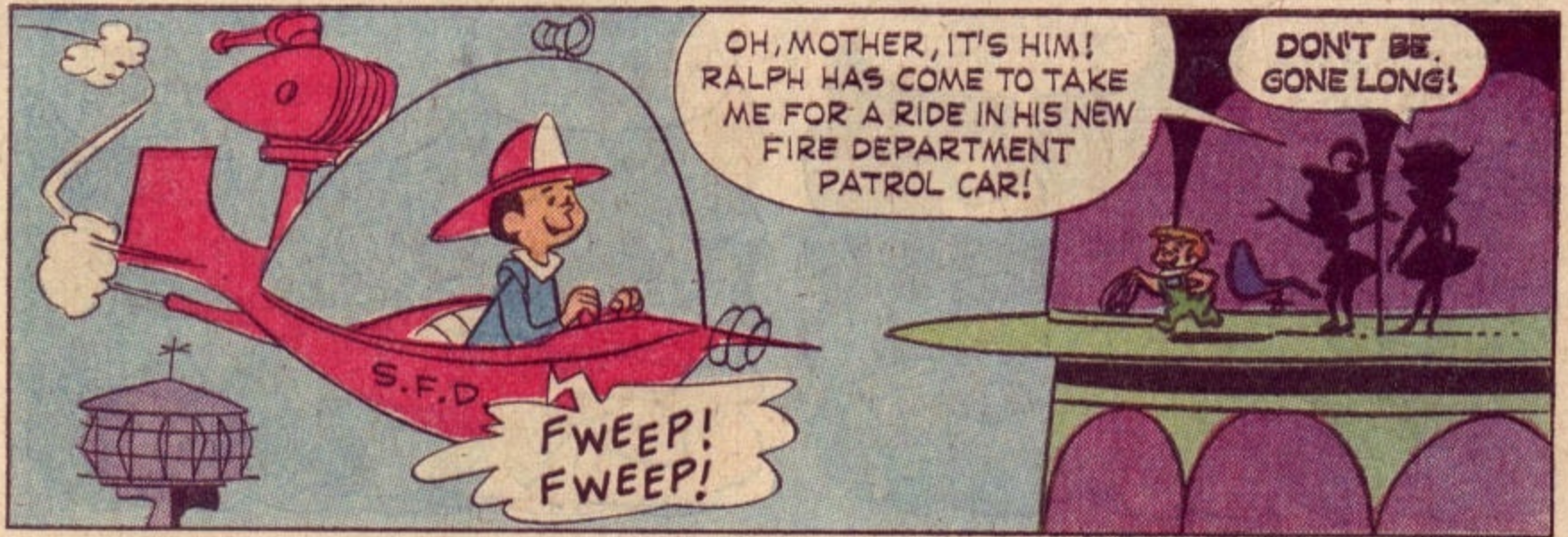






THE PARENT PROBLEM





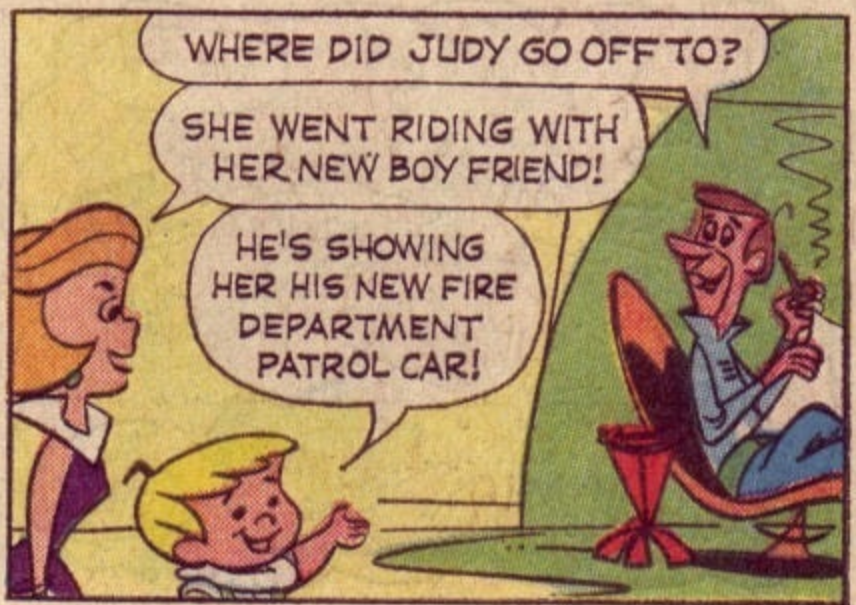
OH, MOTHER, IT'S HIM!
RALPH HAS COME TO TAKE
ME FOR A RIDE IN HIS NEW
FIRE DEPARTMENT
PATROL CAR!

DON'T BE
GONE LONG!

FWEEP!
FWEEP!



DON'T WORRY, MRS. JETSON, I'LL
HAVE JUDY BACK IN A FLASH!



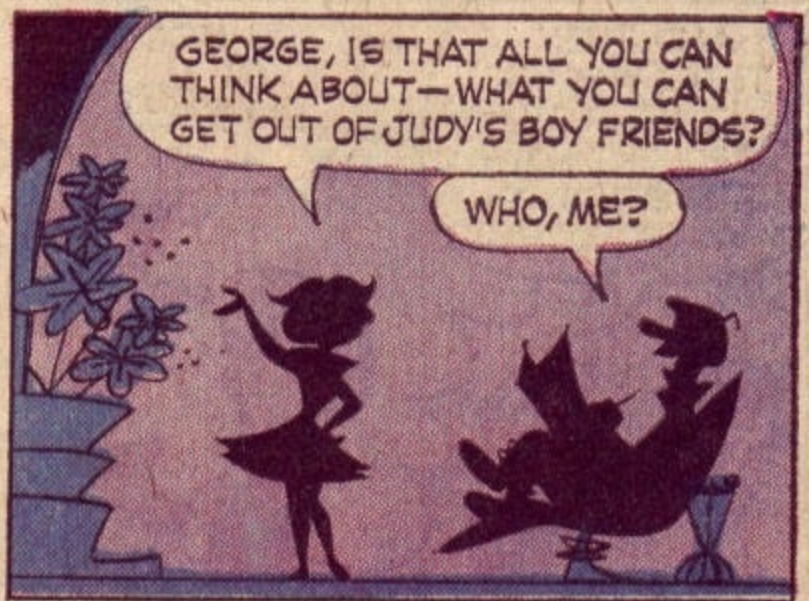
WHERE DID JUDY GO OFF TO?

SHE WENT RIDING WITH
HER NEW BOY FRIEND!

HE'S SHOWING
HER HIS NEW FIRE
DEPARTMENT
PATROL CAR!



SAY, I'D LIKE TO TAKE A
SPIN IN ONE OF THOSE NEW
PATROL CARS MYSELF!



GEORGE, IS THAT ALL YOU CAN
THINK ABOUT—WHAT YOU CAN
GET OUT OF JUDY'S BOY FRIENDS?

WHO, ME?



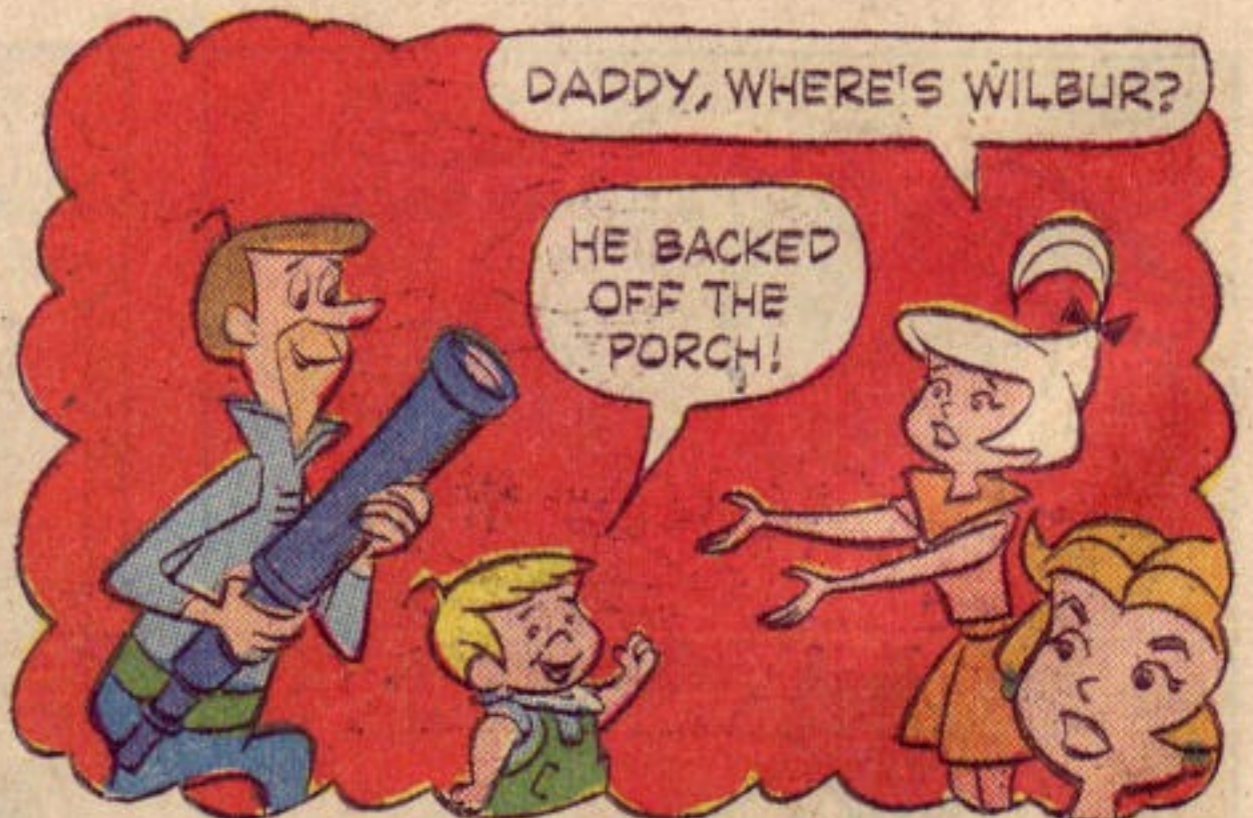
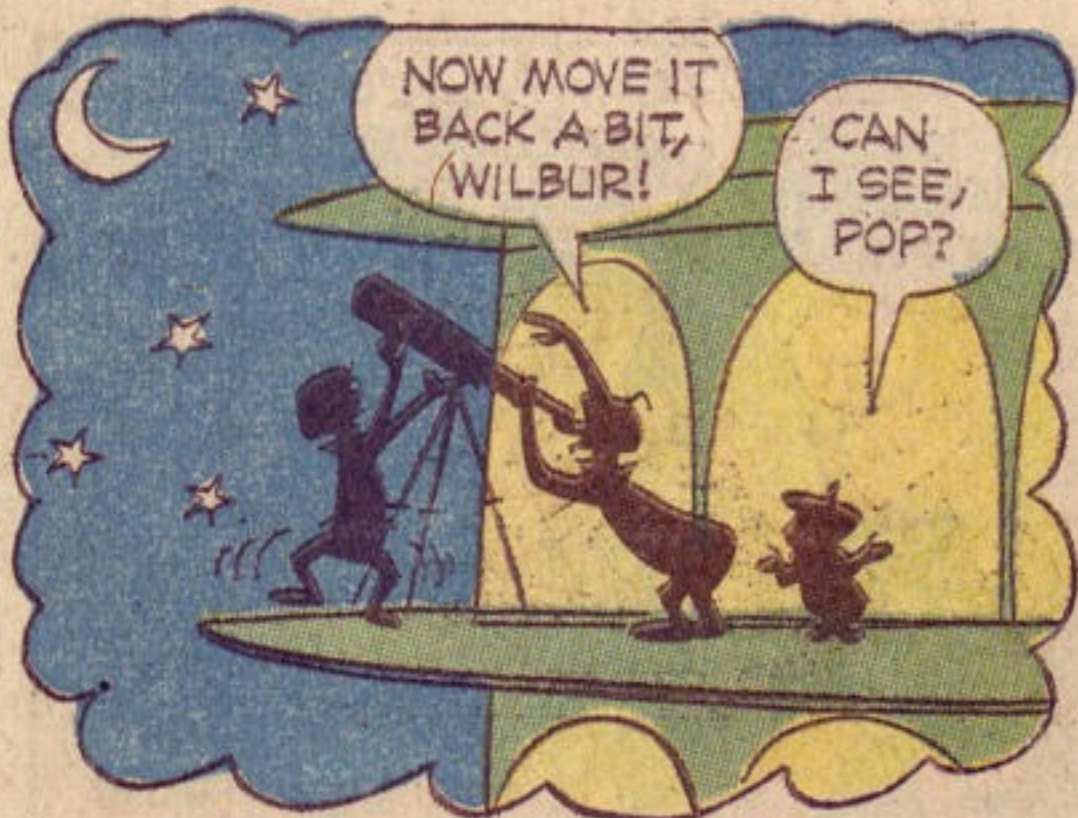
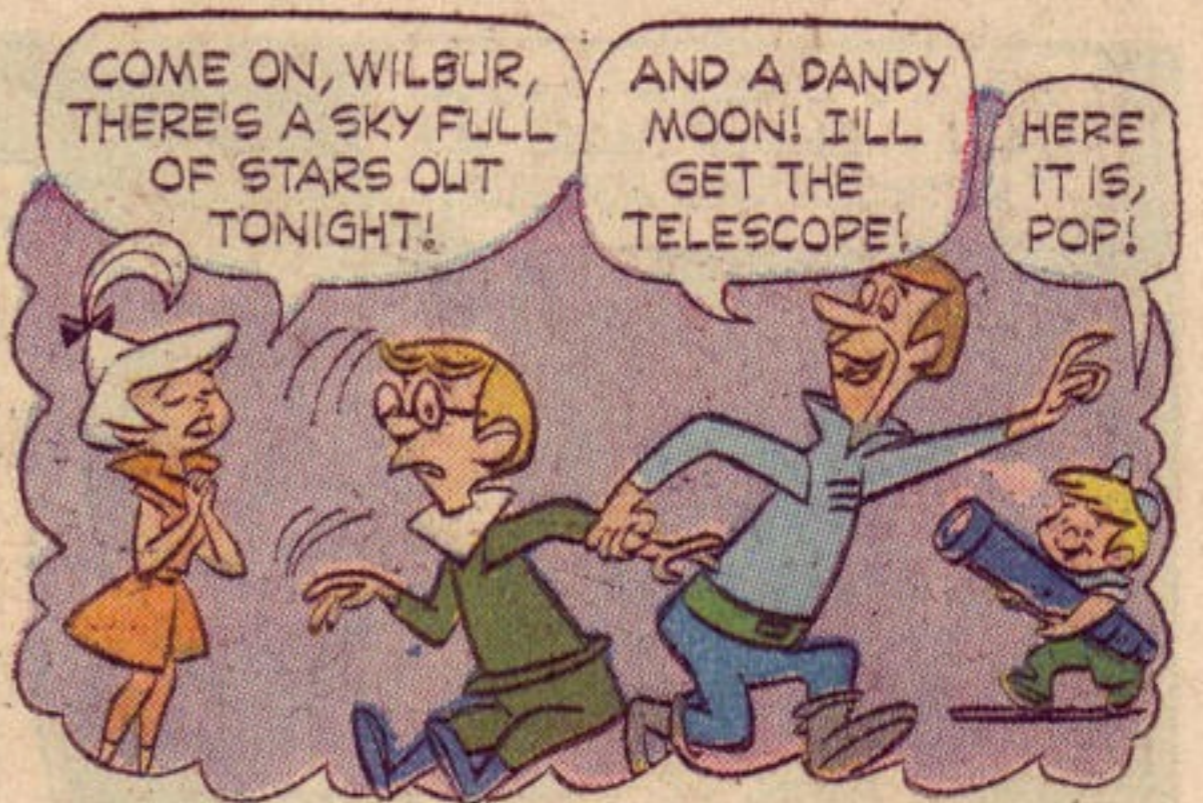
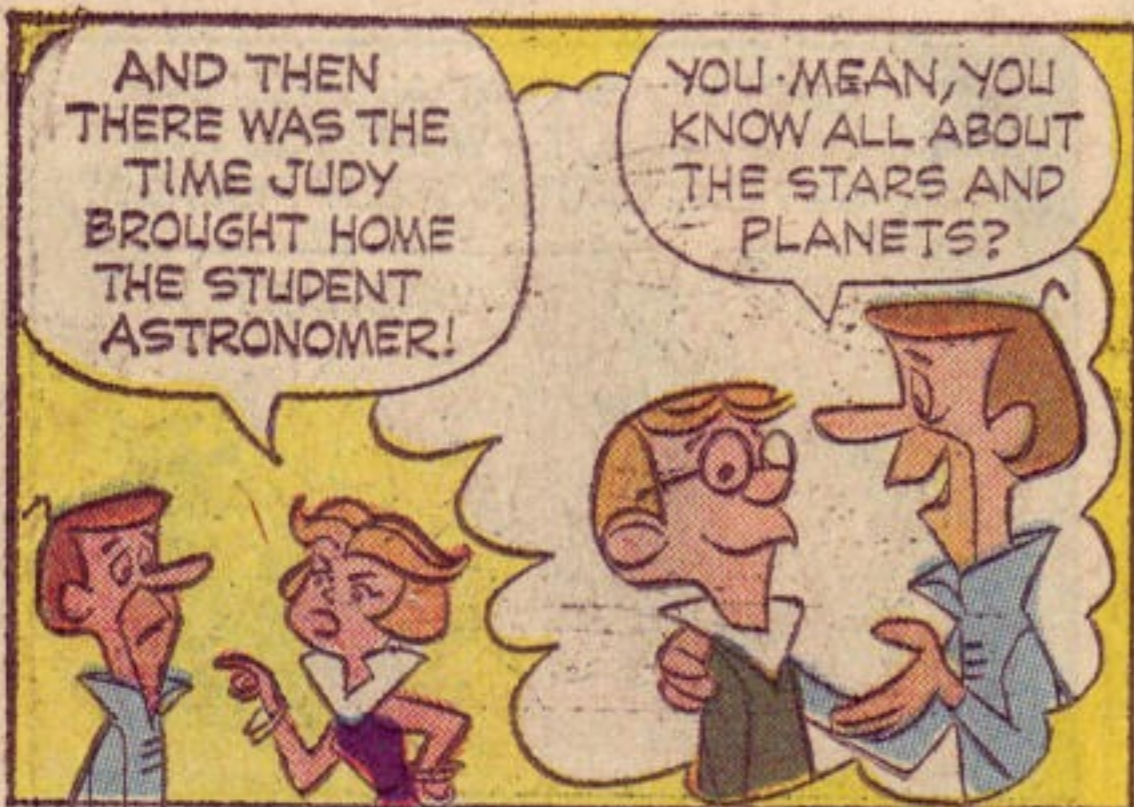
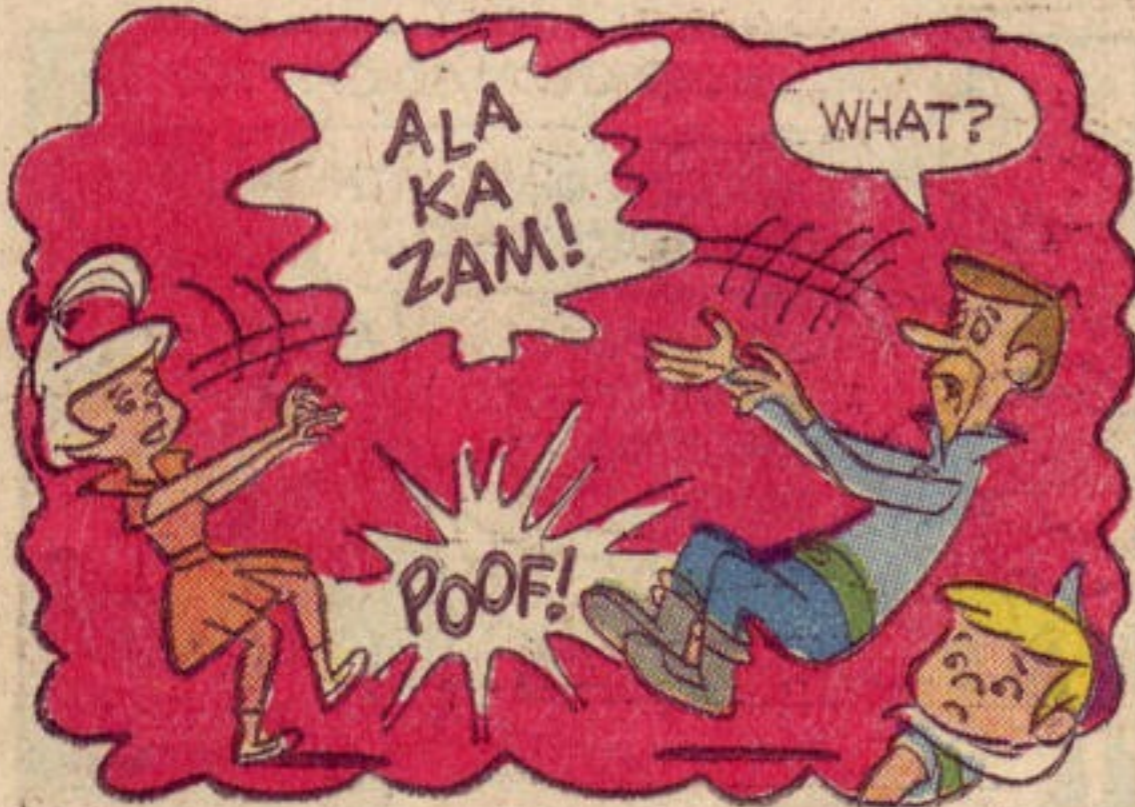
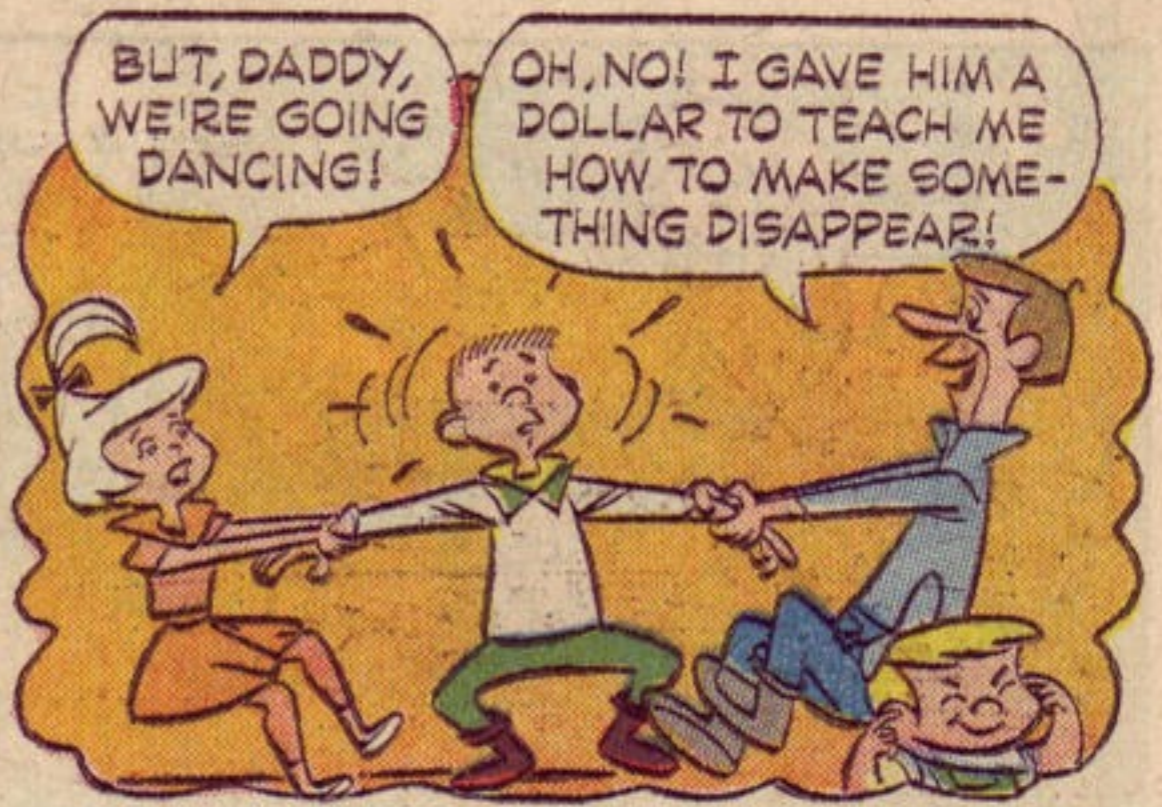
WHY, THE
TIME JUDY
WAS GOING
WITH THAT
MAGICIAN
STUDENT...

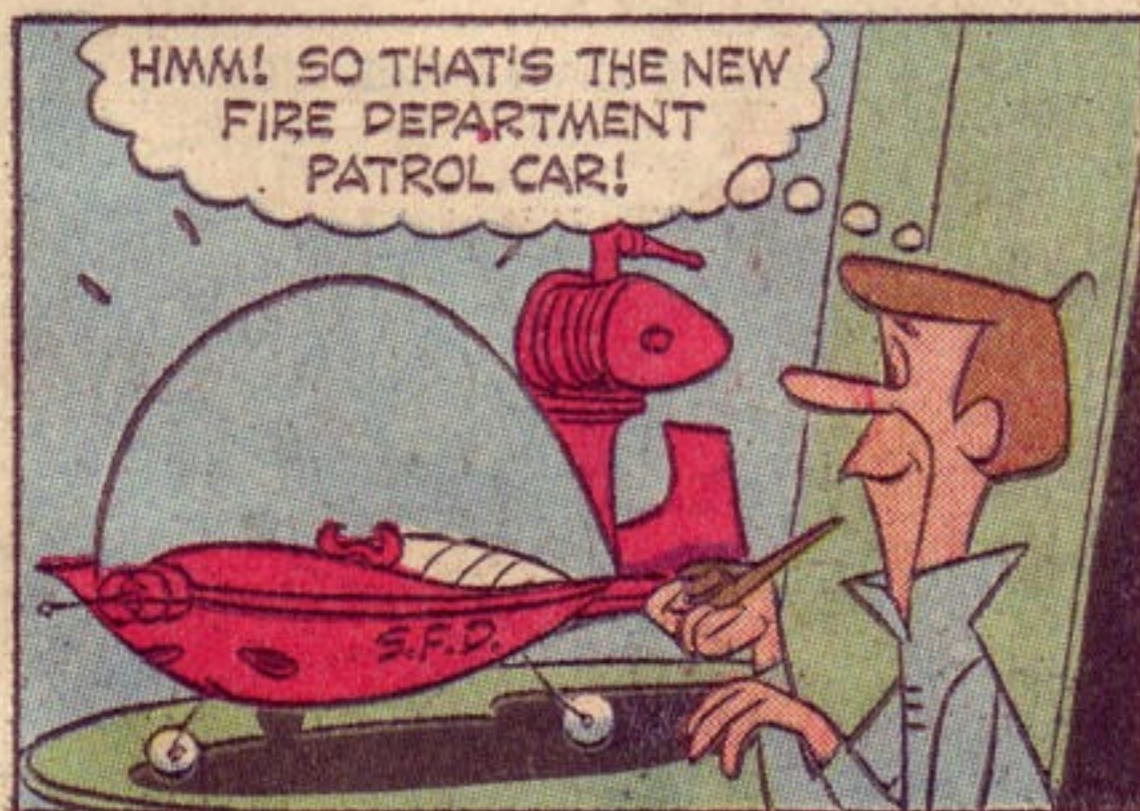
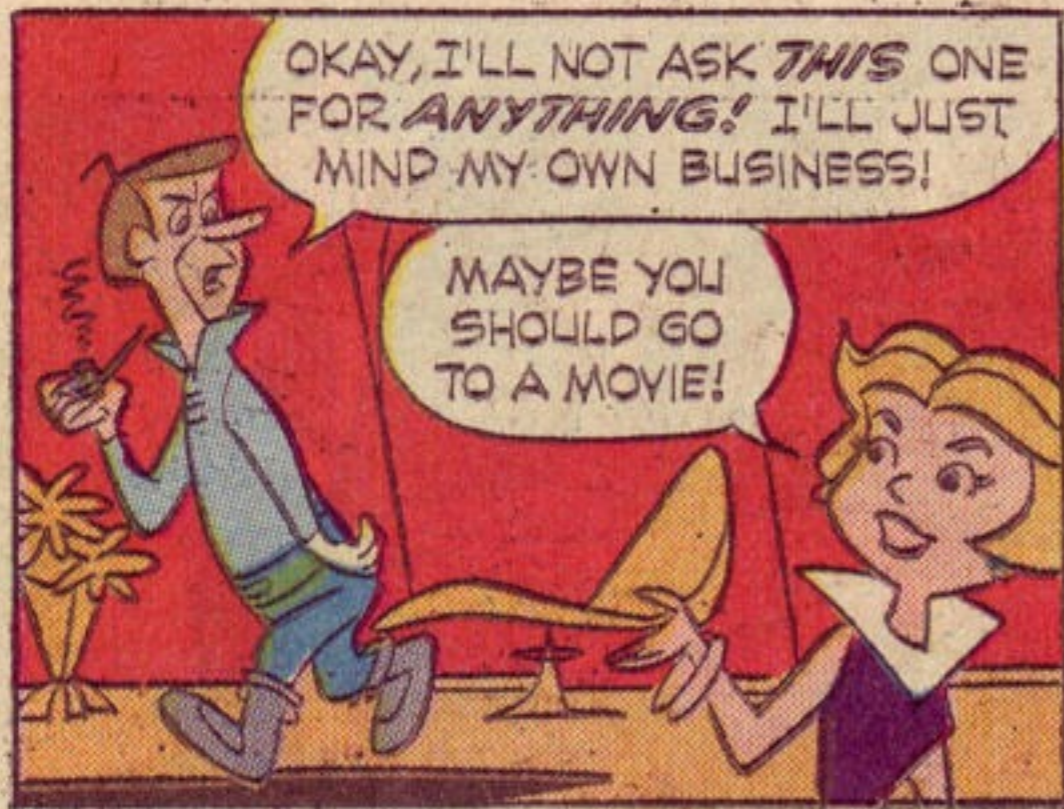
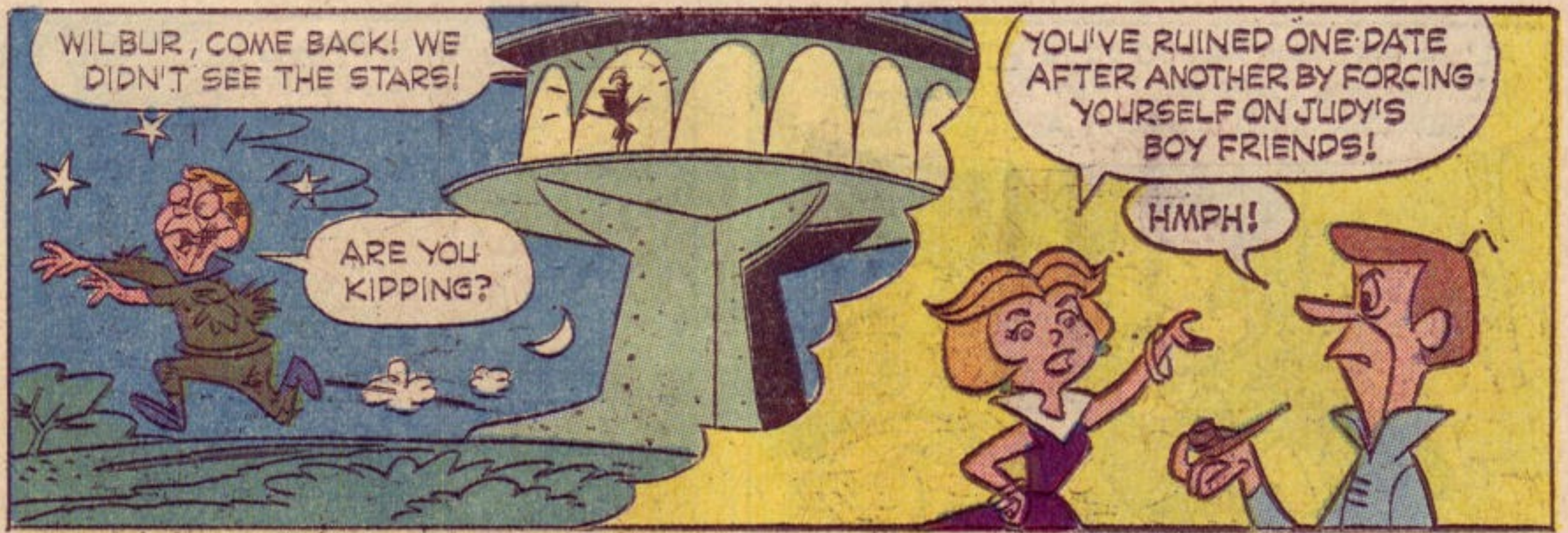


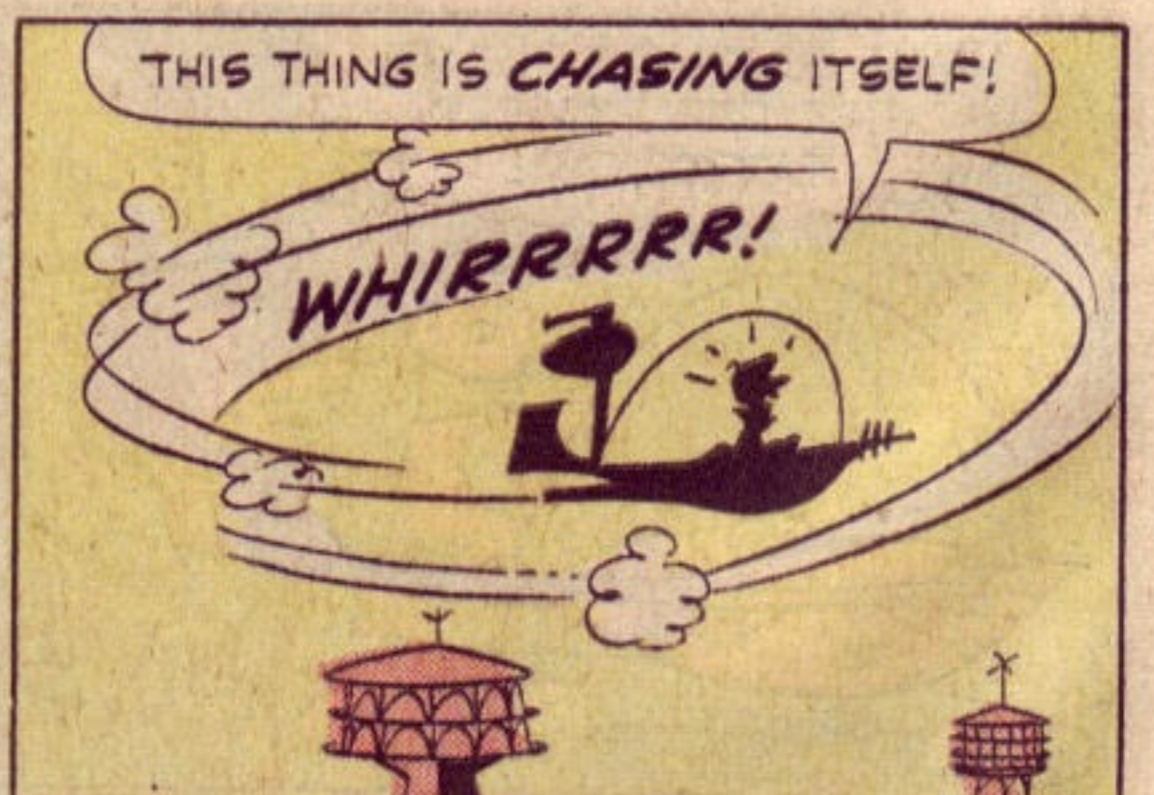
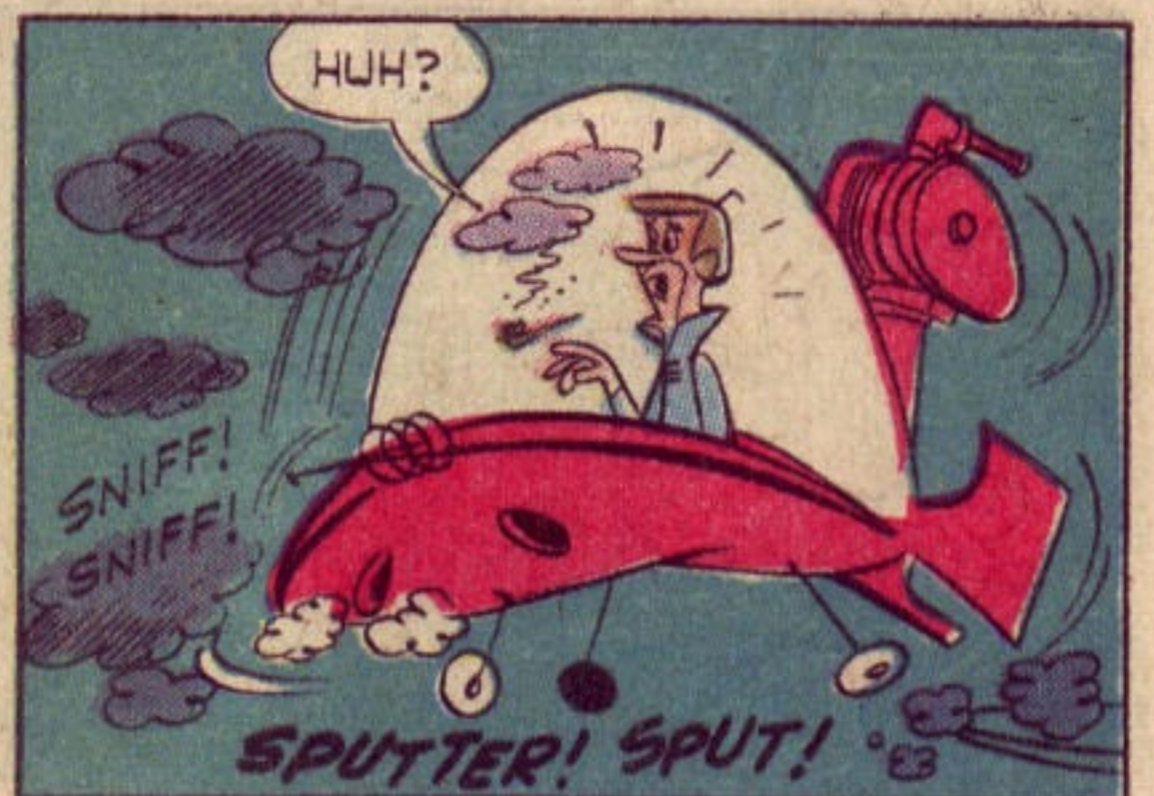
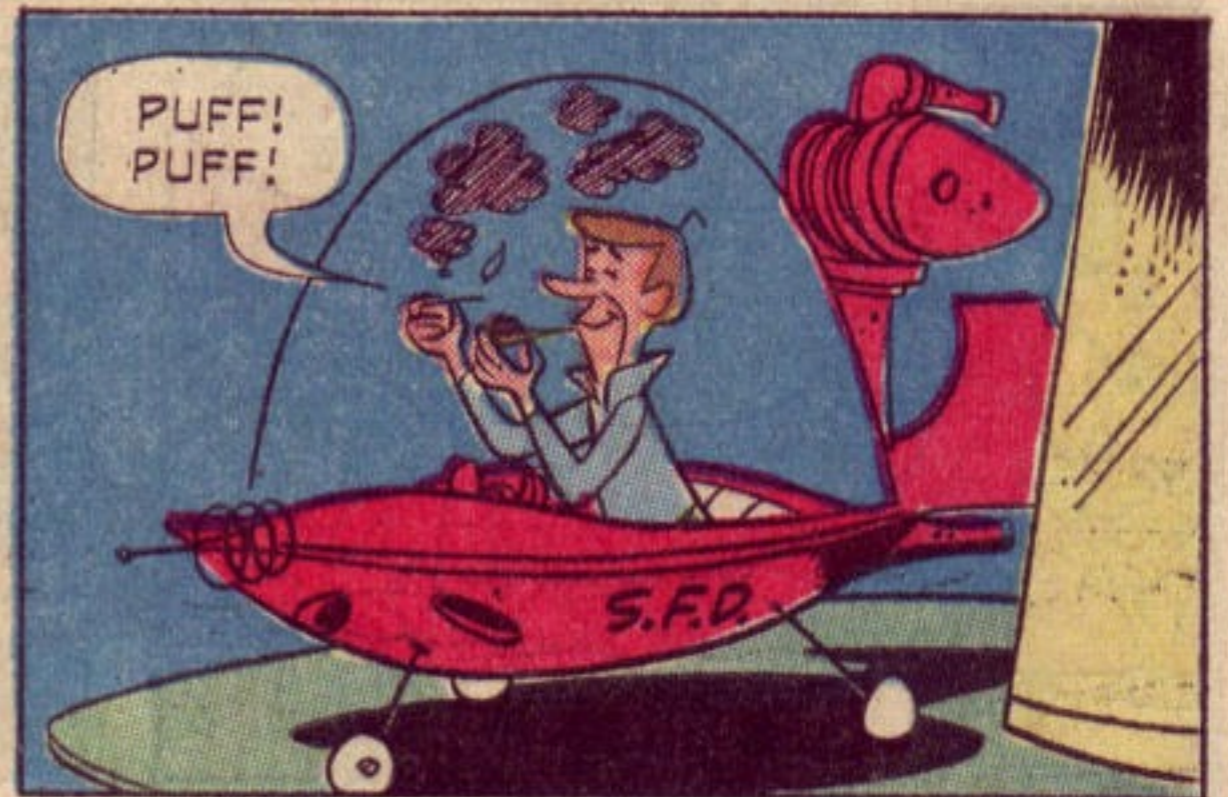
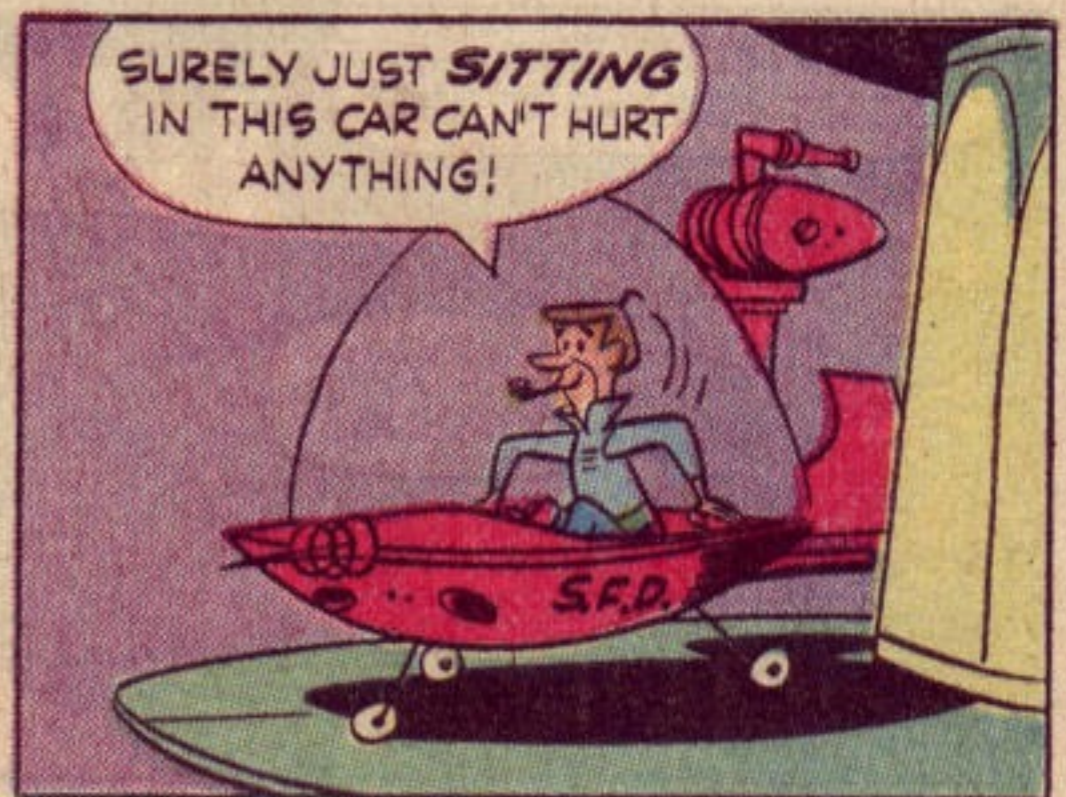
YOU
EMBARRASSED
ME TO TEARS!

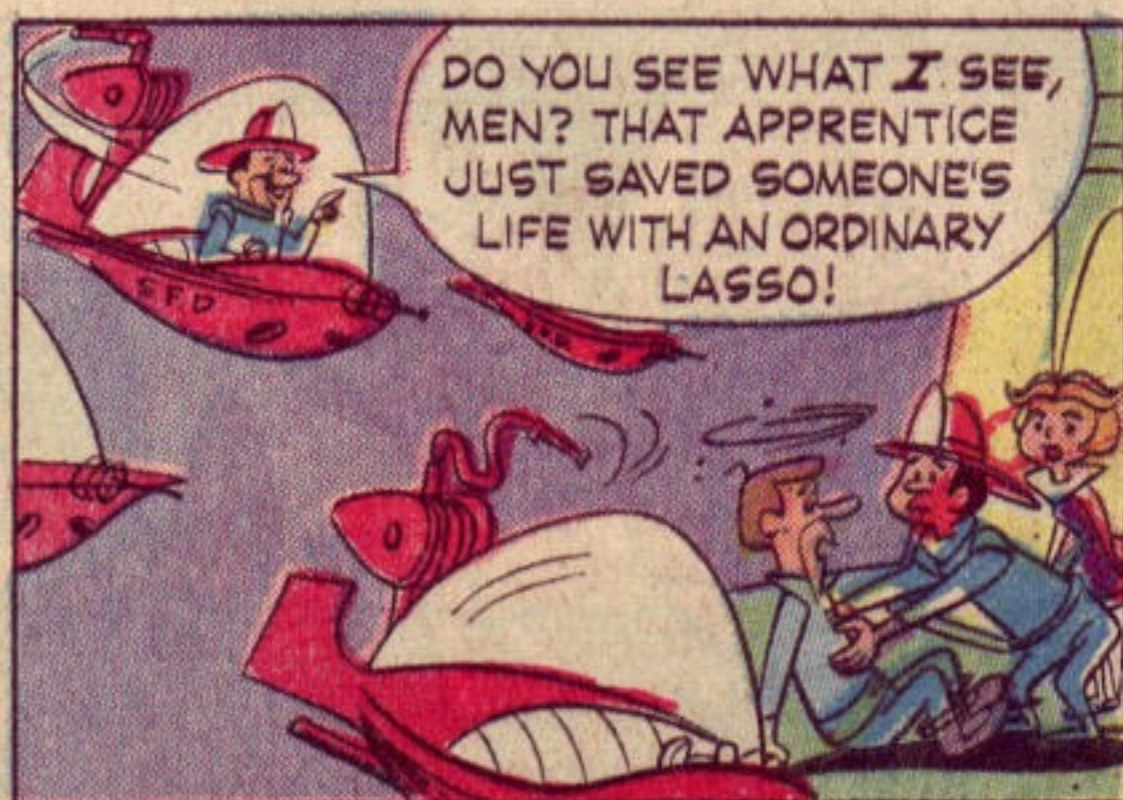
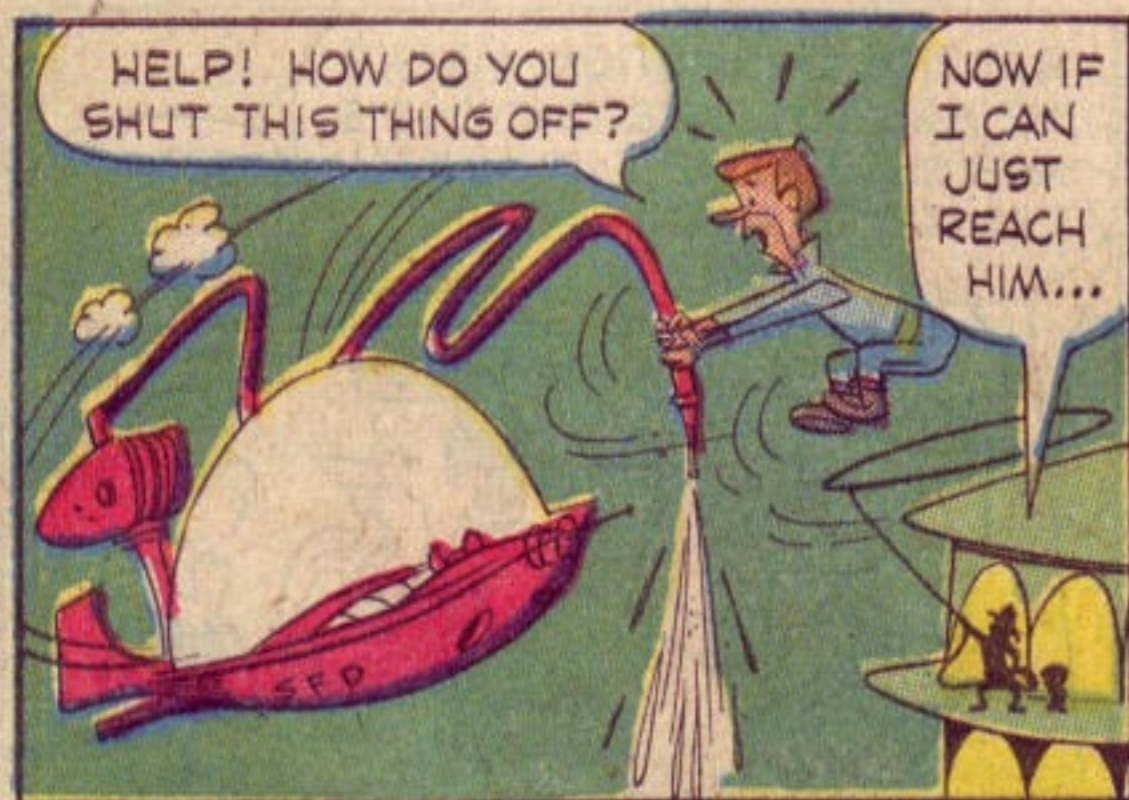
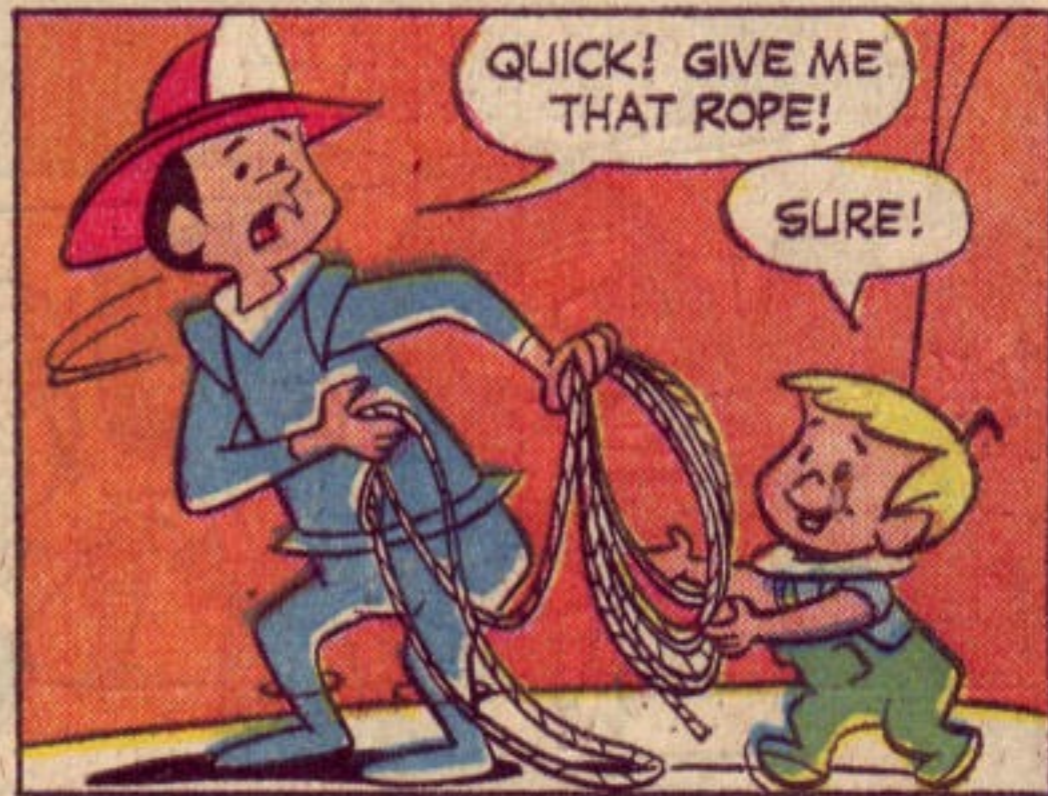
SAY, PAL, I'LL GIVE YOU
A DOLLAR TO TEACH ME
SOME MAGIC TRICKS!

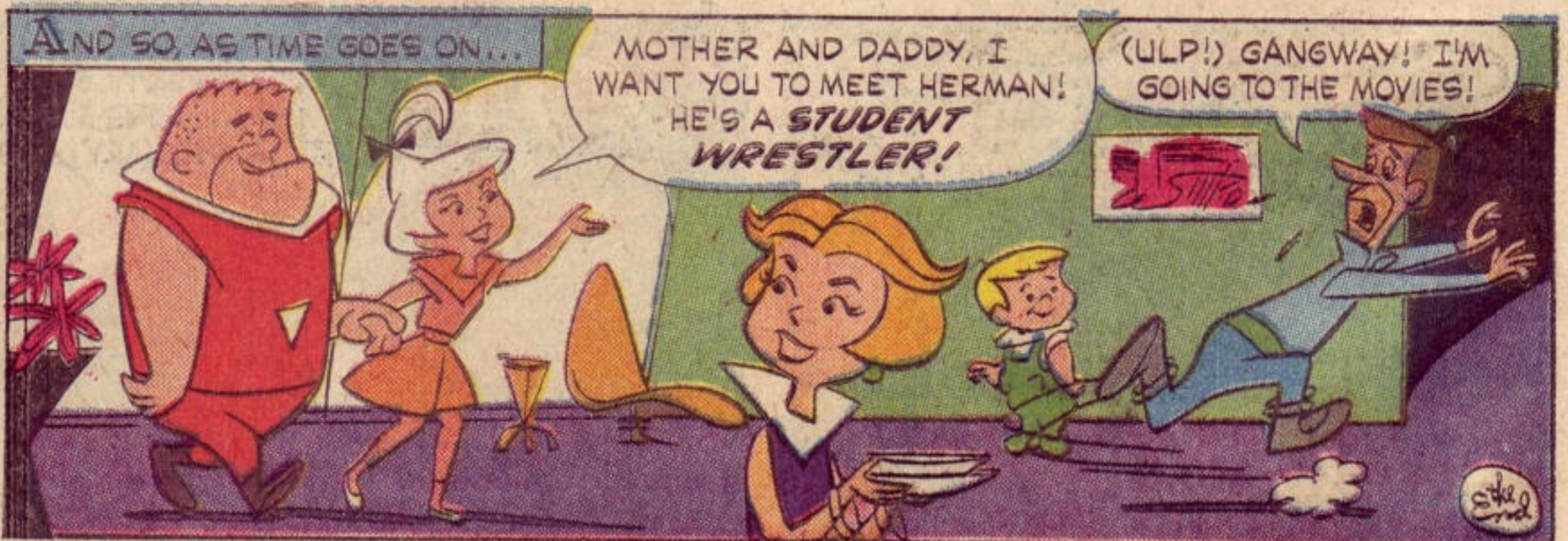
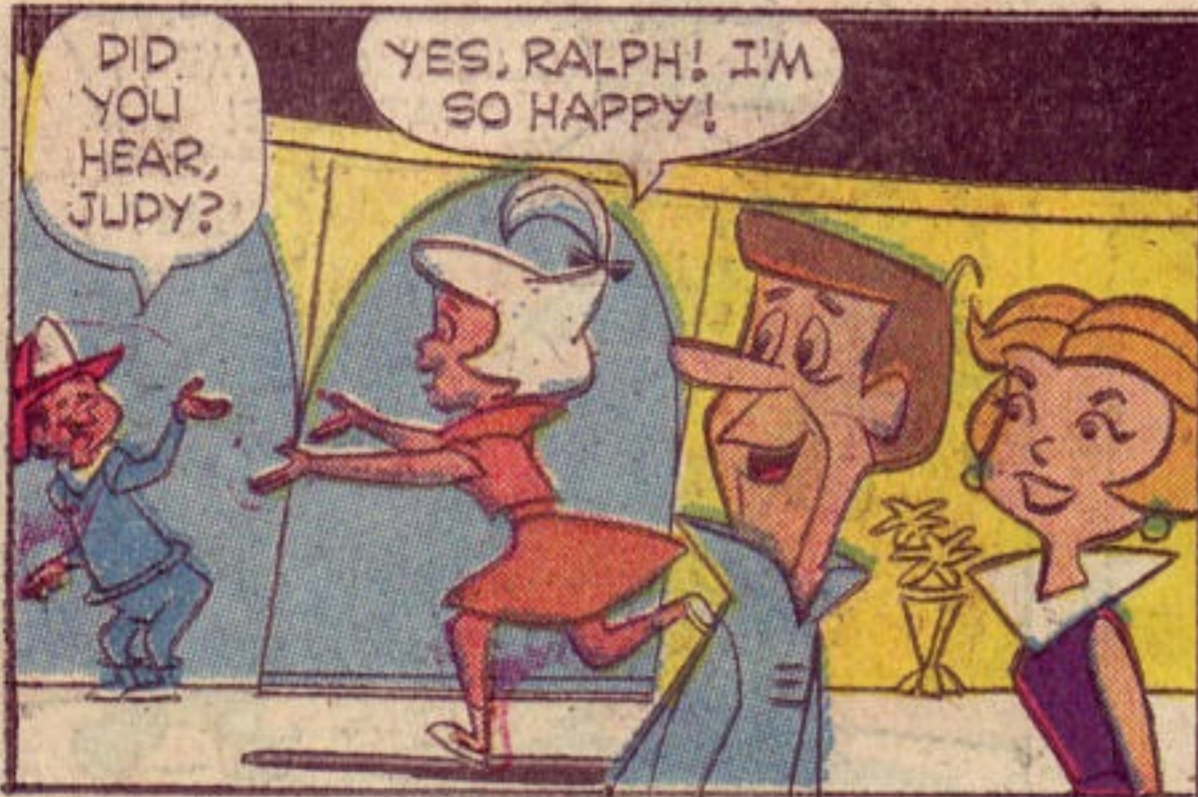
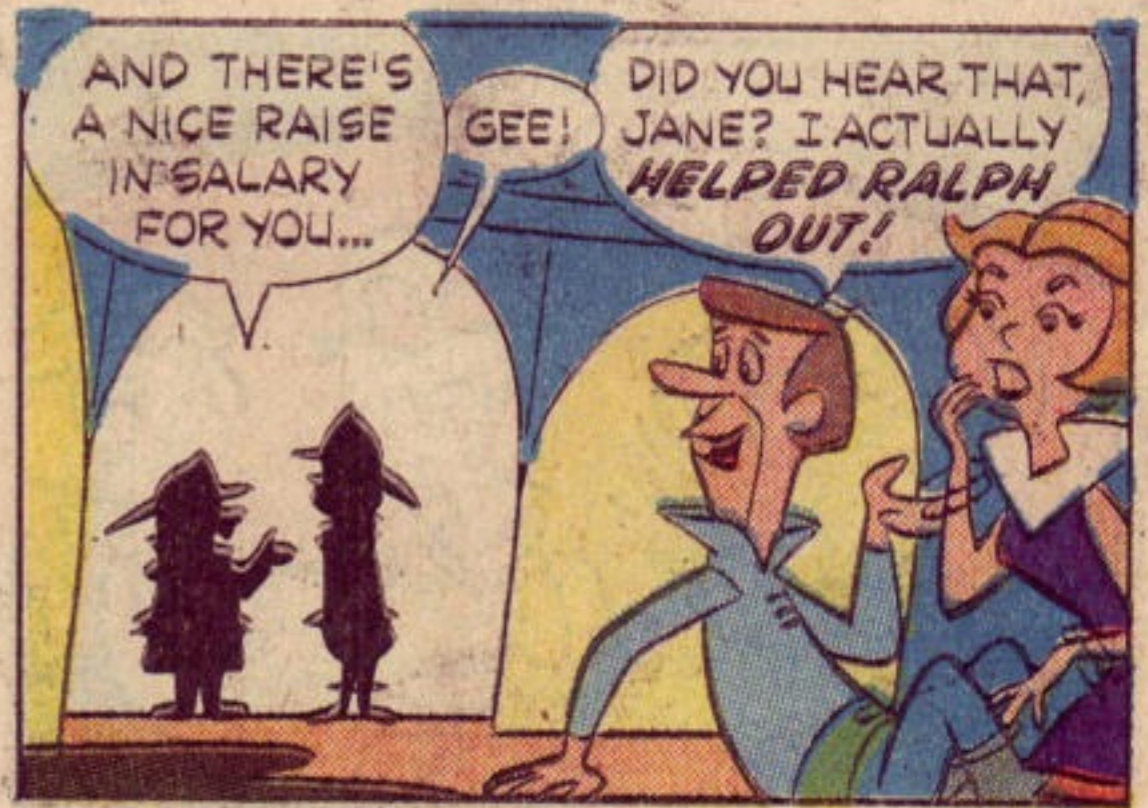
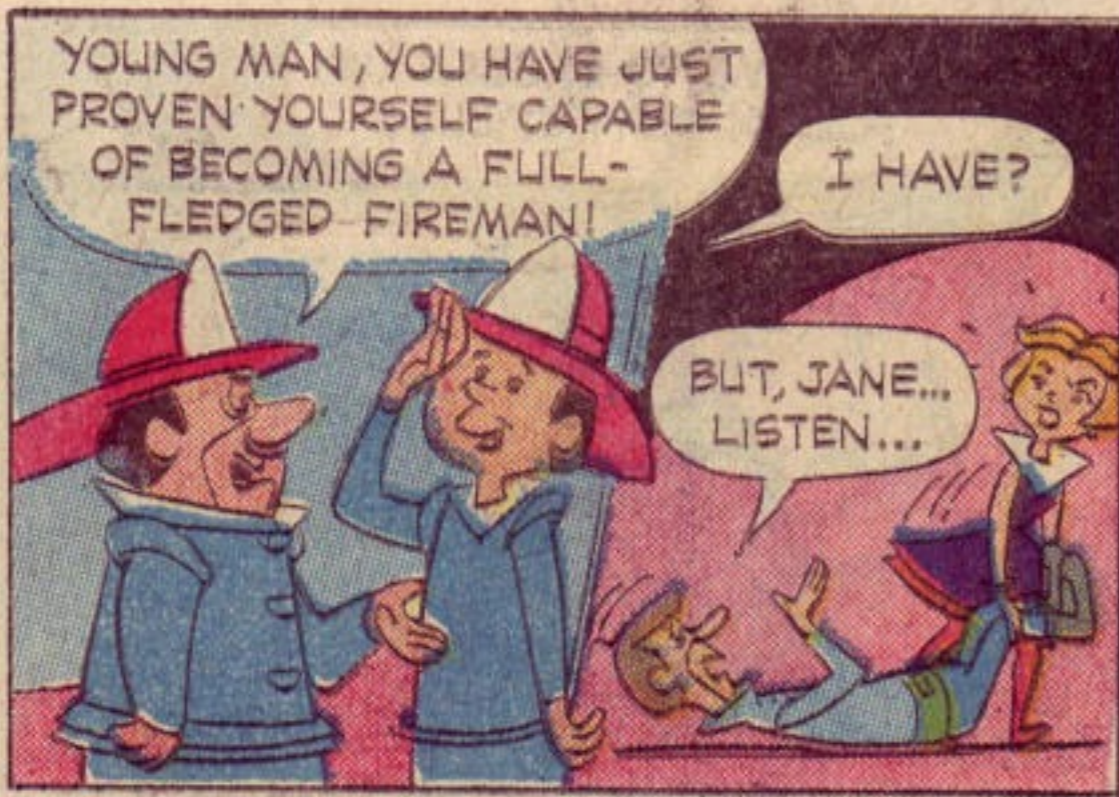
HUH?



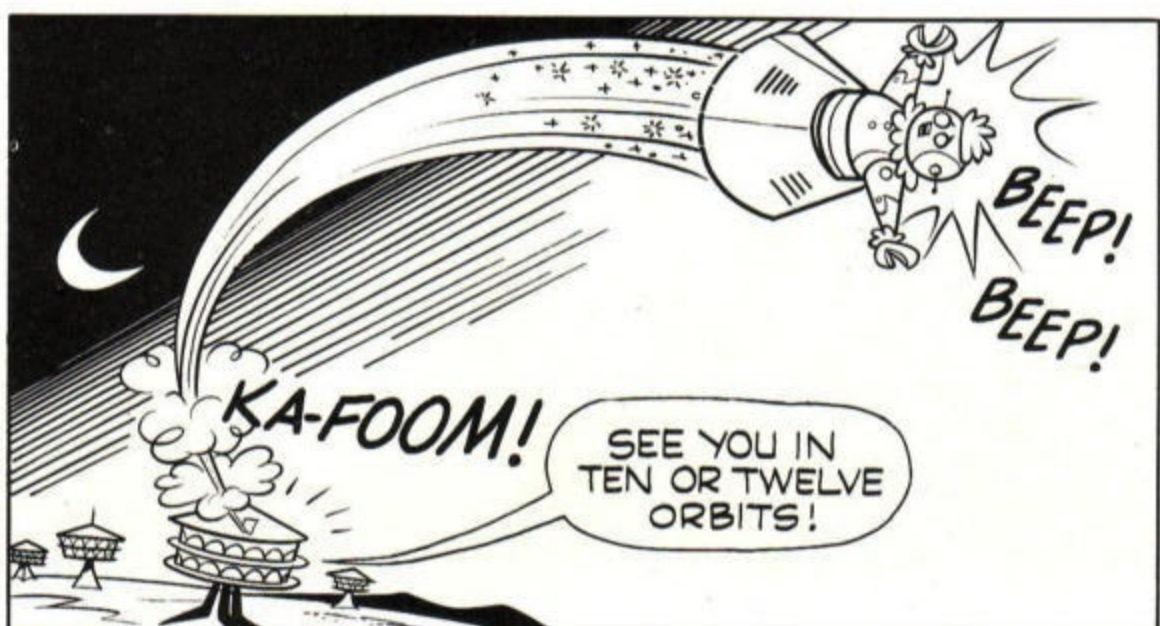
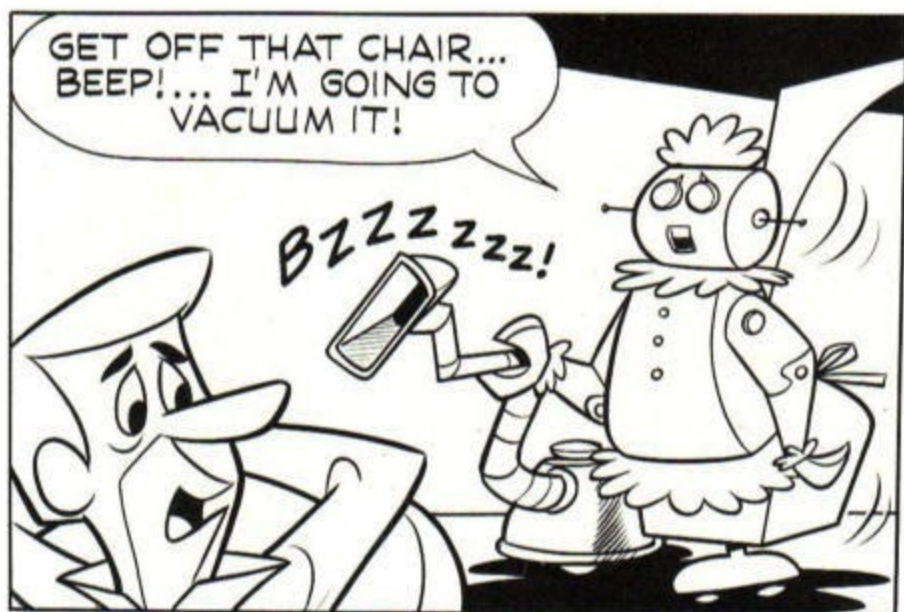








The **JETSONS**



**GOLD
KEY
KEY**

**GOLD
KEY
COMIC
PIX**

SET NUMBER 2

**TOP
CAT**



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**HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND**



© 1964 Hanna-Barbera Productions

WILMA FLINTSTONE



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**YOGI
BEAR**



© 1964 Hanna-Barbera Productions

**CAVE
KIDS**



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GEORGE JETSON



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**PEBBLES
FLINTSTONE**



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**FRED
FLINTSTONE**



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